

Boys Own PAPER

SEPTEMBER
1959

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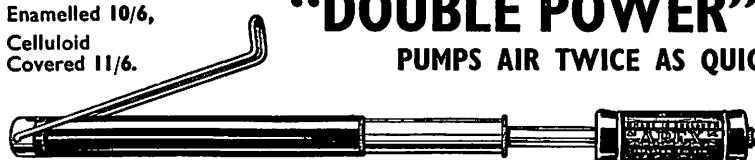
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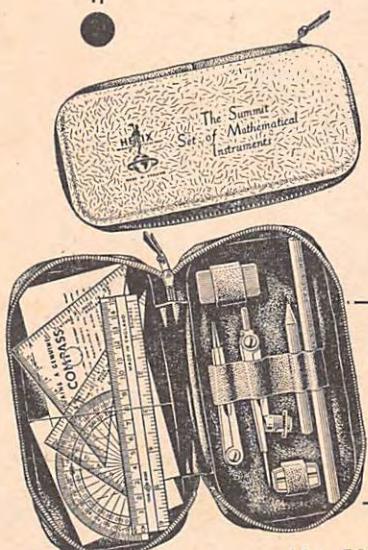
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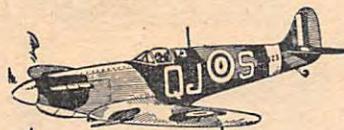
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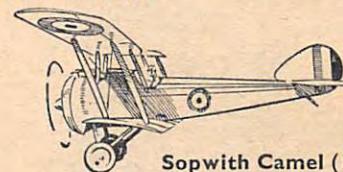
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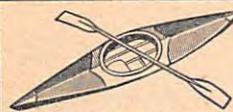
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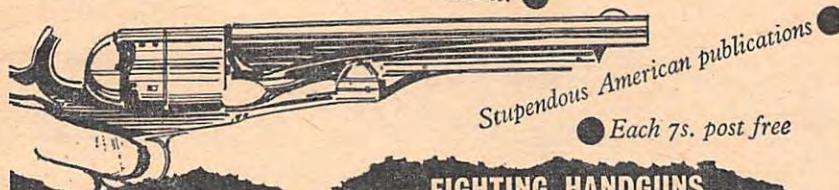
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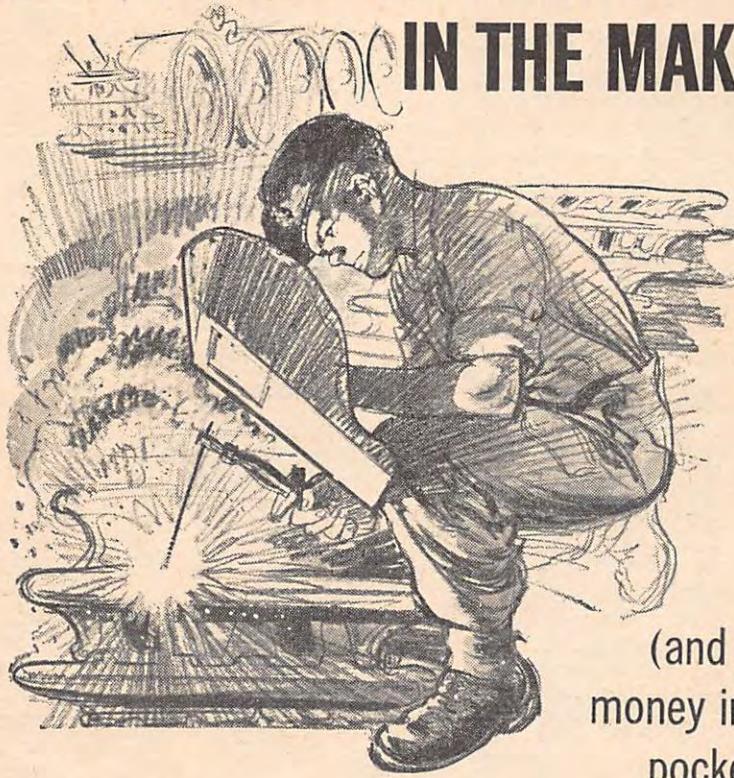
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GIFT SUPPLEMENT NO. 14

MODERN JETS

Specially Compiled for B.O.P by IAN BRUCE

Cover by Redmill

(Illustration: Twenty Years Ahead)

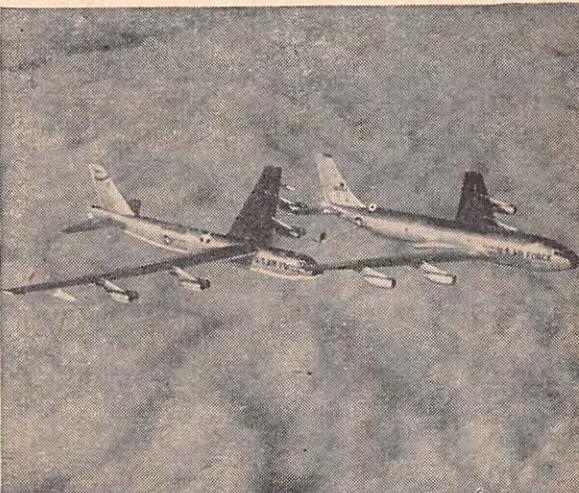
BOY'S OWN PAPER is published on the 25th of each month at 4 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor will only accept delivery of unsolicited MSS. and photos upon the understanding that no liability shall be incurred for their safe custody or return, or damage in transit. Every effort will, however, be made to ensure safe return provided stamps are enclosed with the MSS. and/or photos which should always be addressed to The Editor

Boy's Own Paper



Shown here during a refuelling hookup with a Boeing B-52G, latest model of the Stratofortress series, is a Boeing KC-135 Jet Stratotanker. The four-jet KC-135 is the operational partner of the B-52 and provides jet bombers and fighters with aerial refuelling at jet speeds and altitudes.

MODERN JETS is the title of this month's Gift Supplement and in it will be found details of the world's leading jet aircraft





YOUR letters and photos appear each month in POST. For each we pay 7s. 6d.; Star Letters earn 10s. to 2 gns. Include name, age, and address

Collection à la Carte

I wonder if any other B.O.P reader has a hobby similar to mine. Two years ago I started collecting menu cards from hotels in Pakistan and India. I have now obtained over sixty menu cards from very famous hotels. I would like to hear from any other B.O.P reader who may have this hobby.

Aftab Nabi, 14 (11/13 Block 4—"D", Nazimabad, Karachi, Pakistan)



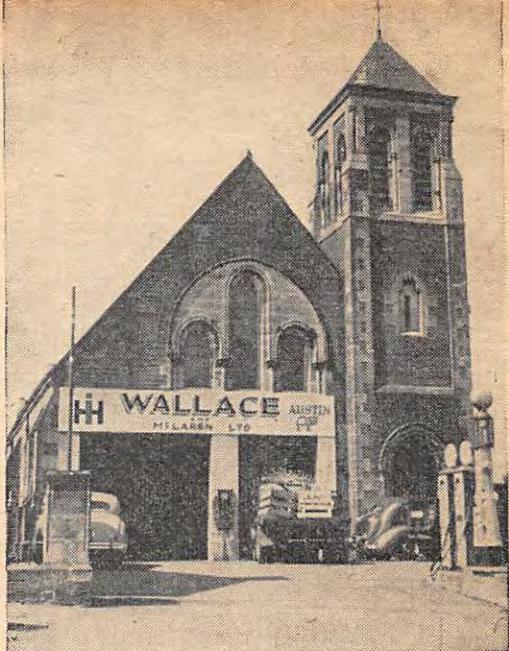
STAR LETTER

Growing Miniature Trees

I wonder if the B.O.P Advisory Service can help me with a problem? I know it is possible to grow miniature fruit trees in an orange peel but it has never worked for me. Can you please give me any advice?

G. Parrett (Devizes, Wilts)

W. E. Shewell-Cooper, our B.O.P Gardening Expert, replied: Use grapefruit half-skins; these are better than oranges. Let them dry a little until they are firm but do not make holes for drainage. Fill the skin to within $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of the top with John Innes Potting Compost No. 1 which you can either make up yourself from the formula in The ABC of the Greenhouse (English Universities Press) or buy the compost ready mixed from Messrs. Woodmans of Pinney, Middlesex. Sow in the centre of each half-skin two seeds of the fruit tree you wish to grow. Water lightly and keep the compost slightly damp. If both seeds grow, thin down to one and then allow the plants to develop naturally. As the roots come through the skin cut off with nail scissors, this will dwarf the trees. If you plant it outside, however, it will not remain dwarfed so keep it in the skin or a similar container.



Church now a Garage

Here is a rather interesting photograph of an old church converted into a modern garage. What a contrast between the church spire and the petrol pumps! The church is in the village of Kippen, in Stirlingshire. Another interesting feature of the village is the huge vine growing there; it extends through a number of glass-houses.

Andrew Fraser, 12 (Bearsden, Glasgow)

Reader Made the B.O.P Fishing Rod

Having nothing to do and about 10s. handy I decided to make the fishing rod described by Harry Brotherton in the B.O.P April Gift Supplement—it was as simple as that! I purchased some of the necessary equipment at a local tackle shop and found suitable canes after a little searching; one in a gardening store and the other in an ironmongers. Straightening the canes was not very difficult and I soon had the ferrules fixed. I sanded the canes and added the tip as shown in the article and then made the cork handle. I finally gave the rod two coats of clear varnish in the manner described.

I used the rod on the following week-end and other fishermen were surprised when they found my rod was home-made—and more surprised when they learned how much it had cost. I caught four roach that morning, a satisfactory showing for my new B.O.P rod.

R. Wrigley, 12 (Finchley, London, N.3)

B.O.P Bus Enthusiast

I have been reading B.O.P for three years now and I haven't yet seen an article on buses. Studying these vehicles is my hobby but so far I have only had the opportunity to find out details about Bristol buses. Are other readers interested in this pastime and if so could we please have an article on it?

Rae Jamieson, 12 (Bristol 7)

Getting on in the World

To intelligent young men of character the Midland Bank offers an interesting and worthwhile career. Opportunities for promotion are numerous and the Bank gives every assistance to those who have the will to succeed, by providing comprehensive training at every stage. A considerable proportion of the Staff hold managerial appointments with remuneration ranging from approximately £1,450 to £3,500 per annum : the highest posts within the Bank, for which the rewards are much greater, are open to all.

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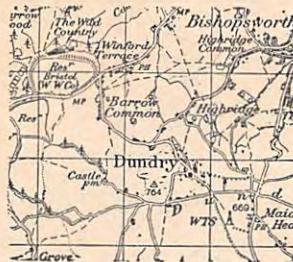
*There are practical advantages, by way of "exemptions", in certain subjects in the Institute of Bankers' Examinations, for entrants who hold a degree or who have passed certain subjects at 'A' level.

By age 31, minimum remuneration rises to £840 per annum in the Provinces and £915 in Central London. At about age 25, young men who have shown outstanding promise in the service are eligible for inclusion in a Special Grade, in which event the figures quoted of £665 (Central London—£740) and £840 (£915) would be improved by £100, that is to £765 (£840) and £940 (£1,015) at least.

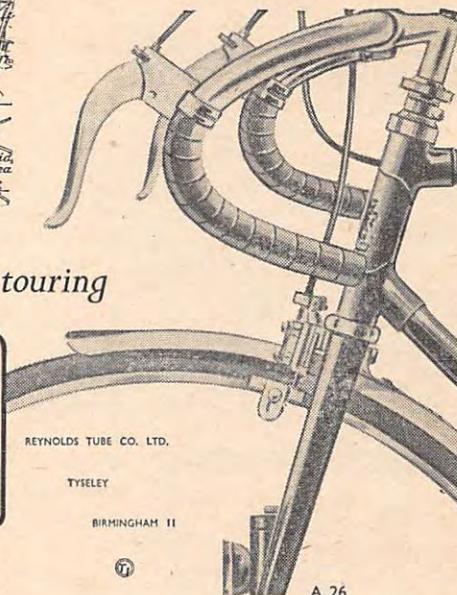
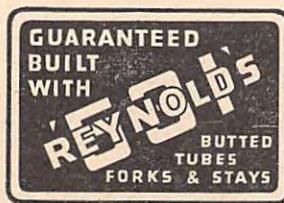
Salaries from age 32 continue to be progressive and at all stages merit and responsibility carry additional rewards. Non-contributory Pension Scheme.

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A Brood of Blue Tits

My photograph shows twelve baby blue tits in my nesting box five days before they flew. Two are lying with their heads tucked in. Is this a record brood?

Brian Bilson (Orpington, Kent)

No, but a very near miss!—Ed.

Goodbye B.O.P.

I am now about to cease taking B.O.P. after buying and reading it regularly for nearly ten years. I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all the staff of B.O.P. for all they do to make it such a wonderful magazine for boys. I am "leaving" with great regret, and only through necessity—my occupation means that I must now take the *Musical Times* monthly, and my parents find it difficult to give me both magazines.

I have always particularly enjoyed the Editor's page, the Crossword, and the serial (I always cheat with this—I wait until all the instalments have been issued then I read it right through!) More recently I have enjoyed DISCussion, although might I suggest that a fair proportion of classical records could be reviewed also? With best wishes for B.O.P.'s 81st year.

Roderic Keating (Tonbridge, Kent)

Devonshire Dairyman

I took this picture while on holiday at Clovelly, North Devon. The main street of this beautiful little village is so steep that no vehicles can use it—so the poor milkman has to plod up and down with two churns on a yoke.

John Chapman, 14 (Buckhurst Hill, Essex)



I*+



STAR LETTER

Holidays with Pay

I started doing paid jobs in the school holidays at the age of 13, when I went to work at a local nursery. I was always given the dirty jobs, but I thoroughly enjoyed the work and for most of the time I was in the open air.

My next "major" holiday job was for a local contractor. I worked on a lorry. Although my hands got cut and bruised with the hard work of loading bricks and building equipment I enjoyed the work and learned many things. Did you know that there are more than seven different types of brick? I also helped the plumber and learned about taps and pipes. My weekly wage at this time was £3—not bad for a boy of thirteen.

On my 14th birthday I decided to "go into business", and with two other boys of my own age set about doing a variety of odd-jobs. We inserted an advertisement in our local paper which read:

ODD-JOB AGENCY. Students want odd-jobs—anything tackled—any evening or weekend. Telephone . . .

This cost 3s. a week and we charged our "clients" 1s. 10d. an hour plus expenses. The agency ran for about a year very successfully: we mowed lawns and had several "regulars" who employed us every week. We were also called on to baby-sit, to help in wall-papering a room, in picking fruit. At one time I had to build a wall. All our "clients" were very kind and usually provided us with lunch and a small tip at the finish if we had done the job to their satisfaction. We had to give it all up after term started and homework took priority.

Soon I rented a patch of land for £2 per annum. I dug it over and bought some seeds which provided a family of five with vegetables for a whole year. I made money by selling the produce to my mother for exactly half the price charged in the shops! We were both happy about the arrangement. I even supplied the local grocer with cucumbers!

After this successful venture I worked for a while during one school holiday in a garage. Although I was there only for two weeks, I built a rack which holds twenty engines and I learned all the technical names for the major parts of a motor-car. I learned what a "continental kit" was made up from and also how to "service" a car. For this work I received £3 15s. a week. I then took a job in the local Supamarket where I worked every Saturday for a pound. I started in the toy department and finished in hardware.

At last I found the task that any boy could be proud of—it was worth nearly £10 a week. I had to sell newspapers from midday until 8 p.m. The wage was made up of £5 basic and the rest was commission, which was 1s. 9d. on every quire sold. I came away from that "holiday" with £25 in my pocket.

I hope I have helped readers to see the possibilities that exist. For working in part of the school holidays provides more than extra pocket money; it broadens a boy's outlook and interests.

P. W. Warren, 17 (South Merstham, Surrey)



Paper Boy reads Boy's Own Paper

I enjoy reading B.O.P.—and so does the paper boy who delivers it to our house! As I wait patiently at the front door for him to push it through the letter-box he stands on the other side of the door and reads it. If he reads one story at each house at which he delivers the magazine he must read the whole paper from cover to cover by the time he reaches the end of the road!

R. Moms (Cambridge)



Five-Bell Campanologist

A church at Bacton, Norfolk, has five bells—but only one bellringer. He rings all five at once—two with his hands, the ropes of two more are looped and are worked by his feet and the fifth rope is looped and worked by his left elbow!

R. I. Slade, 13 (Ilford, Essex)

That leaves an elbow and two knees idle—more bells are obviously needed.—Ed.



STAR LETTER

Loughborough Shows the Way

A question that is often asked these days is: why do teenagers take to the streets and become hoodlums? Many people seem to think it is because they don't know any better. This is not entirely true; when teenagers try to launch an idea we often get told "It won't work." A typical case occurred at our Youth Club at St. Mary's, Loughborough. Fourteen or fifteen of us decided to run a Soccer team and play other Clubs in the district. Grown-ups told us "You will look fools if you lose matches." Surely this is not the British spirit of which we are so proud? Our idea did not fall through. We elected our own committee and started to collect funds. Through outside help we obtained our own shirts and then played our first match—and won 8-4!

The people I would like to thank are the mothers of our lads for washing and mending our gear and giving us so much help.

J. Winterton, 16 (Loughborough, Leics.)



Anti-Polio Vaccination is a MUST

I absolutely agree with Michael Rivlin (July POST). Boys in all countries should take advantage of anti-polio vaccinations. I have had mine and there were no unpleasant after-effects as there were with typhoid vaccine.

John Casbarian (Alexandria, Egypt)

Three in One

I recently caught my first pike and I was naturally very excited. I took the fish home and on cutting it open I found in its gullet another pike and in this pike's jaws was a small roach!

D. G. Richards, 13 (Cheltenham, Glos.)

B.O.P. Fishing Correspondent, Norman Baker, says: This sort of thing is uncommon and I rate it on par with a "hat trick" at cricket. Try a small, fresh herring bait on a float or ledger tackle when you go fishing for pike next winter. Twenty-pounders are caught this way.

Unusual Scout Headquarters

The 6th Guernsey Troop also have an unusual headquarters. It is an extensive underground bunker built by the Germans during the 1939-45 World War as the Island's chief radio station. The Troop have decorated it throughout, and the Senior Scouts have constructed a rifle range in one of the passages. This is complete with miniature butts and well-styled lighting.

R. J. Nicolle, 13 (St. Martins, Guernsey, C.I.)

Geological Pen Friend Wanted

I am very interested in geology and have recently started a geological collection. I would be very pleased if a B.O.P. reader aged about fourteen or fifteen would be willing to exchange ideas and specimens of rocks and minerals. I am particularly interested in specimens from either Scotland or the south-west peninsula.

Graham Calvert, 15 (37, Fairfield Road, Bromley, Kent)

B.O.P. Readers at Wimbledon

Every year sixty-five boys from our school at Hertford act as ball-boys at the Wimbledon Tennis Championships. This year I was court leader of No. 3 Court with such players as Christine Truman, Beverley Fleitz, Bobby Wilson, and a host of others playing. One day the Spanish players Santana and Couder were playing Wilson and Davies when Couder's shorts split! He asked permission to go and change them and the other players sat down and relaxed. I was sent with this message to the control room: *Shorts split. Gone to change. Is this O.K.?* The reply came: *O.K. but remaining players must not sit down.* By the time I got back to tell them this the game had re-started. On the last day I was on the Centre Court for the Finals—a wonderful experience.

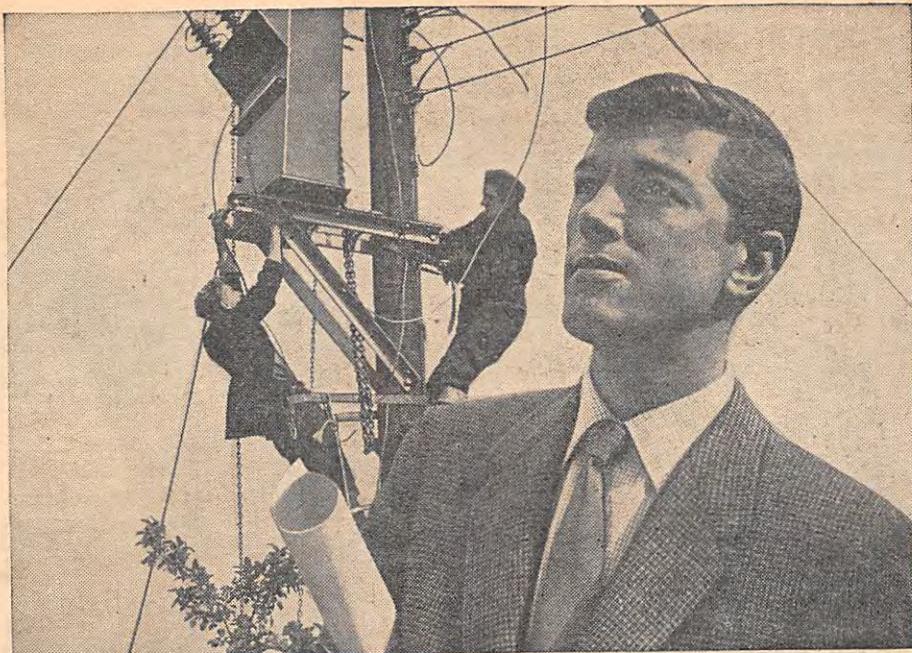
Arthur Knight, 16 (William Baker Technical School, Hertford)

More Model Car Racers

At the school I attend, Manland Secondary Modern, Herts., one of the masters has organized an electric rail racing Club. We have constructed four tracks, each 48 feet long, to a scale of 1/32. Each member buys an electric motor and a car body, then makes a new base for the car on to which he fastens the motor and wheel brackets. We now have twelve cars operating and the lap record is 6.5 seconds.

Peter Crossley (Harpden, Herts.)

Lots more POST next month



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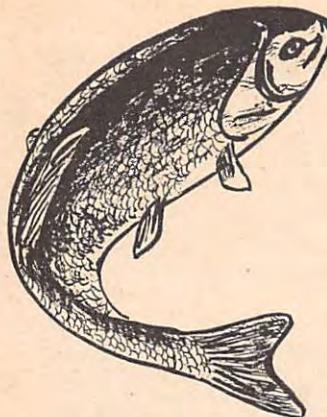
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STRIKE

while the bite is hot

FISHING IN SEPTEMBER

with NORMAN BAKER

AFTER you have carefully assembled your tackle, tested every knot, tied on the right fly, spinner, or selected a choice bait and cast without disturbance or fuss a fish comes along. There is a rise at your fly, a tug at the spinner, or the float bobs. You've got a bite!

You must strike while the bite is hot! But that does not mean a wild, hasty snatch. The idea is that when the fish has the lure in its mouth the rod must be moved smartly enough to strike the hook home. No more.

Young sportsmen trying to lure wily old fish at the start of their angling career often strike too soon, too hard, and too high. Speed may cause the hook to merely prick the lip of a fish. You feel the line tighten and then comes a sad slackening with hopes destroyed. Often, this fast snatch pulls the bait out of the open mouth of a big fish. I have seen that happen. On a fine late September day when the river was low and clear I abandoned my roach fishing until evening and went dapping for chub. There was a small school of this very shy species living in a narrow backwater. A willow tree overshadowed their favourite haunt and its roots were a regular little underwater fortress. Woe betide any angler's tackle if a hooked chub found refuge in that tangle. Breakage was then certain.

I tested a new No. 8 hook and tied it on, crawled alongside the willow, baited with a medium-size lobworm because I could not find a fat grub and gently dropped it in the water. Up came the daddy of all those chub, a four pounder at least. Its big mouth opened to swallow my bait and I struck. My line flew upwards and twisted itself around sundry willow branches. The bait was gone. All hopes of catching anything from that spot were destroyed for the day. That chub certainly had the laugh on me.

We learn angling by mistakes which are disasters for us and victories for the fish. I was very young then, certainly not 5 feet tall and now I'm a six-footer. I wished the chub a long and happy life because it taught me not to strike wildly at any time and give a few extra seconds for some species of fish, including chub.

Don't be a Lazy Angler

Roach are another brand of fish altogether and bites from them must be promptly answered. When artful old bait stealers are on the prowl I sit as low as possible, ballast my float down until only a fragment of its tip shows above the surface and strike lightly but quickly at every touch.

One common fault with junior anglers must be corrected or they will never become successful roach catchers. This is their lazy habit of allowing slack line between the rod tip and the float. When a few extra feet of maybe sunken line must be tightened before a strike can take effect roach are often missed. Greasing the line and making it float overcomes the line-sinking problem. (Be sure your line is dry before greasing it.) But even when that is done there must not be an inch more line between your rod top and float than is necessary.

Bream bites are curious. The float bobs upwards and lies flat on the water. Wait until it slides away. Then strike with a sideways tightening of the line in the opposite direction to the run of the fish.

Tench tease and mumble a worm bait. Pick it up. Drop it. Worry it again and so on. Make them eager by slowly drawing the bait a few inches towards you. When the fish turns away with the worm firmly in its

(Please turn overleaf)

mouth set your hook with the same firm drawing strike that connects a bream.

Fly fishers for trout hook rising fish with a neat lift of the rod tip, never snatching and delaying action for a split second rather than making a nervous hash of the job before the trout really takes the fly. Avoid slack line by drawing it through the rod rings with your left hand as you tighten. If your line is straight you may strike direct from the reel provided it has a light check or drag. A small trout or even a 2-pounder rising in fast shallow water must act quickly and the angler's response should correspond. The same rule applies when wet fly fishing and a trout attacks the bob fly. Be smart and yet not violent. Count "One-and-two-and-three-and-strike!" if dapping with the natural mayfly or daddy-long-legs. A trout may swim two or three feet while you chant those figures. Excellent. The fish should be well and truly hooked.

Luring for Mackerel

Spinners often rely upon fish to hook themselves. In this interesting style of angling the line is taut from reel to hook. The instant a fine trout, salmon, seatrout, or pike closes its mouth on the spoon or devon the sharp hooks are in action. Give a pull with the rod tip and the barbs strike home even in a 20-lb. pike's gristly jaw.

Natural spinning baits such as a minnow, loach, gudgeon, sprat, dace, or eel-tail have exactly the feel expected by a cannibal fish. Consequently, their grip is confident and if the angler's strike follows rather slowly good hooking is assured. These differences between the way soft natural and hard artificial spinning lures are accepted applies both to sea and freshwater angling. I notice it when after bass with sand eels. In my opinion a fresh natural sand eel is far superior to the red rubber type bought in a tackle shop or cleverly fashioned at home.

I also prefer a fish skin "last" above all other mackerel lures. For sheer quantity a string of feather lures beats every other style of mackerel hooking, but when it comes to lighter drift-lining sport with an old trout fly rod the "last" comes first.

Bold mackerel truly hook themselves. Striking is hardly necessary provided the line is taut and the rod held firmly. No harm is done by a moderate pull especially if the rod is supple. Afterwards the line must be reasonably tight or the fish will kick itself free.

A silvery mackerel is a grand bait for a 40-lb. tope. Thread it on a wire-mounted 8/0-eyed hook with the help of a baiting needle. Six feet away comes a sliding boom with the lead attached. When the tope picks up the bait the line runs through the rings on the boom and no warning resistance is given.

Do not strike at the first pull from a tope. Permit the fish to run out a few yards of line without feeling any drag. A slight pause may follow the first "run" of the fish. Off it goes again and when the second "run" is well under way you strike hard.

Bear in mind that you have a strong rod, line of 30 to 40 lb. breaking strain, wire trace, and a very large hook that will not penetrate and take hold without a determined strike from you. Therefore you must strike as though you mean it. From then on look out for squalls.

Lighter angling is enjoyed from jetties and piers where flatfish including plaice, flounders, and soles go for lugworm baits—if robber crabs do not steal them. Practice soon enables a young angler with a fair sense of touch to know whether a crab is pecking at his bait or if a fish is nosing it. Flatfish give a "rug-a-rugg" kind of pull followed by a slight dragging which is your strike signal.

I said "Strike while the bite is hot". That is correct although some bites must be left to warm up for a second or two. Remember that in most types of angling more large fish are lost through striking too hastily than too late. Concentrate and be sure.

Replies to Readers' Queries

About four years ago I put three roach into my pond—now they have multiplied to about two hundred. I have goldfish in the pond, too; they have been there about seven years.

Ian Stirling (Steeple Bumpstead, Suffolk)

I wish more anglers would follow your idea and put fish into suitable waters. You might introduce a few small carp and tench into your pond; but do not overcrowd it or the growth of fish will be stunted.

As I am at boarding school I cannot fish as much as I would like. How can I improve my technique even while not fishing, please?

David Hasell (Canterbury, Kent)

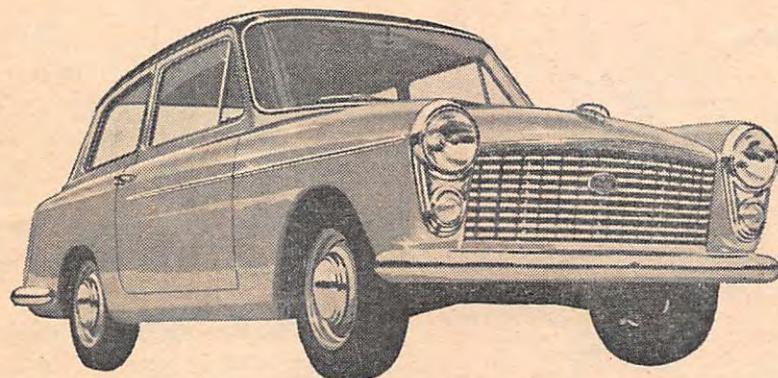
Read about the angler's art and its delights. Hundreds of books have been written on our sport including the great literary classic by Izaak Walton *The Compleat Angler*. You do not have to learn these books as though working for an exam. Read them for fun.

Having spent quite a lot of money on buying new floats I decided that it would be cheaper to repair broken floats or make new ones in future. I am sure readers will appreciate any tips.

Michael Kevan, 13 (London, S.E.5)

Use bamboo splinters for float stems. Pierce a cork and file out a small hole to thrust the bamboo through. Fix with a dab of glue. Shape the cork as desired with a file and sandpaper smooth. Paint the float body green or brown. I like yellow tips and tackle shops sell special bright paint for this work. Lash a small wire loop to the lower end of the stem before painting and do not make your floats too big.

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CONTEST

ends

Monday, October 12th





How Do

*Nature Can Be Fun, as
selection from his*

HOW DO GNATS "DANCE"?

THE bewildering "dance" which gnats perform is effected by their making use of up-draughts. These small convection currents usually build up above a low bush or tree and the "dance" takes place above it. The insects allow themselves to be borne upward on the draughts, then permit themselves to fall again, for all the world as boys, sliding on the ice, "keep the kettle boiling" if you know that expression? Over streams the rush of water often sets up currents of air parallel to the surface of the water and here you can often see a wild gnat dance performed horizontally instead of vertically.

ARE FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS RARE?

There are no official records on the subject of clover plants with multiple leaves. In the summer of 1958, in the garden of Charles Darwin's old house at Downe in Kent, I found several plants of four-leaved clovers growing close together, but there were none with five or more. Not so long afterwards, however, this question cropped up in the B.B.C Nature Parliament, and as a result of my answer we were sent a whole series of clover leaves. They ranged, believe it or not, from a single-leaved specimen right up to one with seven leaves!

HOW AND WHAT DO WORMS EAT?

These soft-bellied creatures get their food from the soil. As they work their way along they do not excavate like a mole but swallow everything they meet. From this mass of material anything that is nutritive is sorted out and absorbed, and the rest expelled in the form of "casts" which we frequently see on lawns. In the same way the lob-worm, used by fishermen, makes its familiar "trade-mark" on the sands.

WHY DOES A LIZARD DROP ITS TAIL WHEN FRIGHTENED?

A lizard does not drop its tail from sheer fright, but only if some animal or human grasps it by the tail. There is a weak spot at the base of the tail and the joint in this place

Gnats Dance?

L. HUGH NEWMAN shows in this further

many replies to B.O.P readers' Nature queries. Illustrated by Phill

breaks in half, and the tail drops off. This makes it possible for the lizard to get away from its captor, who is left, surprised, with only the tail. The broken end continues to twitch for a few moments, holding the attention of the enemy. Very soon a new tail begins to grow, but the scales differ from the original ones and you can always tell if a lizard has ever lost its tail and had to grow a new one.

DO TORTOISES ALWAYS HIBERNATE IN WINTER?

No. If the winter proves to be particularly mild the tortoise will remain at least partially active.

IS IT TRUE THAT DOGS DO NOT SWEAT?

Yes, it is quite true that dogs hardly sweat at all through the skin like humans and most other animals do. Instead they sweat through their tongues and when a dog is really hot it keeps its mouth open and liquid drips off its tongue. Because they cannot sweat in the ordinary way, having few pores in their skin, dogs with thick fur suffer badly in hot weather and so if you have a pet you should be sure to provide some shade near its kennel.

DO ANIMALS EVER GET NEW SUITS?

All except the lowest animals have some kind of outer protection on their bodies in the form of a skin of variable roughness, a shell, scales, fur, or feathers. Naturally this covering suffers from wear and tear in long-lived animals, or, if it is of an inelastic nature, becomes too tight when the animal grows. In most animals, therefore, the "clothing" is changed from time to time, and Nature has devised many different ways of getting rid of the old suit and supplying a new one.

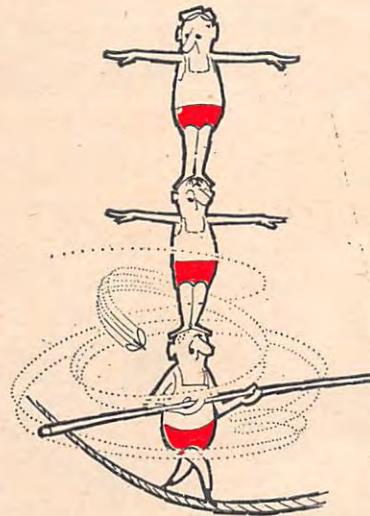
ARE ALL MOSQUITOES HARMFUL?

This question comes from Tan Jake Chuan who lives in the Far East, but I am able to tell him that not all mosquitoes are dangerous. There are many members of the mosquito family which never sting humans at all but

live on the sap from plants or the nectar from flowers. Among the stinging kinds, only certain species are really dangerous because they transmit disease, such as malaria for example. Others are simply irritating and infuriating, but not deadly. Even the malaria mosquito is not dangerous unless it has already sucked blood from someone with malaria before it bites you.

IS IT POSSIBLE TO REAR BABY FIELD MICE IN CAPTIVITY?

Yes, it is certainly possible and one B.O.P reader, C. D. Barker, has recently done so most successfully. When he turned over a compost heap in the autumn he found five baby mice, still with their eyes closed. He put them in a cardboard box filled with dry leaves and as a snug nest he provided a cylinder of stiff paper, closed at one end. The baby mice soon recognized this as their nest and always slept in it, curled up tightly together. They were fed on pieces of apple, grape, banana, bread and milk.



Time Factor

PART ONE of a TWO-PART STORY

by Geoffrey Morgan

WHEN Alan Hart arrived at Leeman's Point he wasn't surprised to find that the Muller-Shane affair was still the topic of conversation, although the police inquiry into the case had been closed nearly a fortnight. It was just Alan's misfortune that the first person he ran foul of when he sailed into the river, was Nick Muller himself!

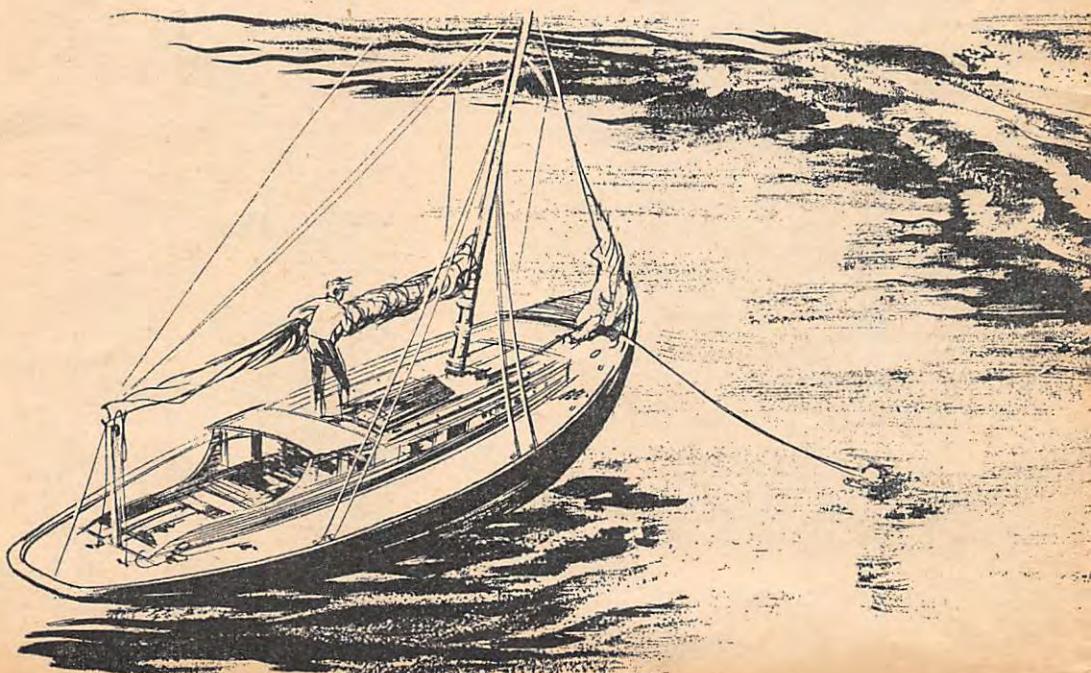
Alan had heard a little about the case in London. He knew Muller and Derek Shane had been partners in a small charter boat business, that they had separated and that Shane had started on his own and prospered while Muller's fortunes had declined, and that this was followed by the climax in which Shane's magnificent new boat had been destroyed mysteriously by fire. Alan had acquired some knowledge of the affair and it intrigued him. That was why when he chartered the *Dolphin*, a five-ton sloop at Peggleswick, ten miles along the coast, for a fortnight's holiday. His first port of call was

Leeman's Point.

He was not familiar with that part of the coast. The Point from which the village derived its name ran out into the sea in the shape of a muddy sandspit, forming an underwater bar just beyond the river mouth. On the other side of the entrance were mudflats, uncovered at low water, which stretched to the low-lying eastern shore of the river. The main channel followed close to the curve of the bank on the western side forming a sheltered harbour for deep-water moorings, and the village itself sprawled up from the waterfront in haphazard style, its brick and timbered cottages snuggled against the wooded hillside. The hinterland, undulating from the river valley, was clothed in rich shades of green, gold, and brown, a floral pattern of trees, shrubs, and arable land.

Alan thought there could not be a more beautiful place as he ghosted into the river under a mild breeze and a lazy swell that kept

"Take yourself off my moorings," he said, rudely



**Alan Hart made a midnight swim on the ebb tide to
break an alibi. Could he escape
before the mysterious Nick Muller discovered him?**

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HODGSON

the bar buoy tolling mournfully. He steered towards the mooring posts, but decided that the only vacant buoy off the club jetty was too far in; he altered course for the moorings just below the small boatyard further upstream, selected the nearest buoy, rounded up and fished it out with the boathook and then snapped the chain over the bitts and began stowing the sails.

He was slipping on the mainsail cover when the small, black motorboat came in. She was an old but well-designed craft with a varnished superstructure. She was not much longer than the *Dolphin*, with a raised forecabin ending in a windscreen and shelter partly covering a spacious cockpit. There was only the helmsman aboard, a burly dark-bearded figure in a fisherman's jersey. Alan was ready to pass the time of day with him but before he could do so the boat throttled down and swept in close and the man leaned out.

"I'll thank you to take yourself off my mooring," he said, rudely. "Visitors moor up off the yacht club.

These are private!"

Alan was taken aback but recovered quickly.

"There'll certainly be more of a welcome there," he said. "These were easier to pick up, that's all. But I'll push on—"

"I'm in a hurry to get ashore," the man cut in, arrogantly, and to drown any reply Alan might have made he throttled up the engine and swung in a wide curve, watching the *Dolphin* with dark, angry eyes. Alan shrugged and ignored the man, leisurely starting his auxiliary and dropping the mooring buoy. He obviously did not belong to the fellowship of the sea and therefore was not worth further attention. He motored down river and moored up off the jetty.

Ten minutes later Alan had forgotten his unpleasant encounter and was rowing ashore in the dinghy. He was a powerfully-built youth with the look of the out-door man about him, although he did spend most of the year cooped up in an office. He regretted the tedious routine and circumstances that enforced him to spend the greater part of his time at a desk in the heart of the City, but he liked his job, and with the prospect of promotion to the new department, he could look forward to a freer existence in which his duties would take him about the country. Meantime, he managed to snatch a breath of sea air weekends and holidays following his other great interest in life—sailing.

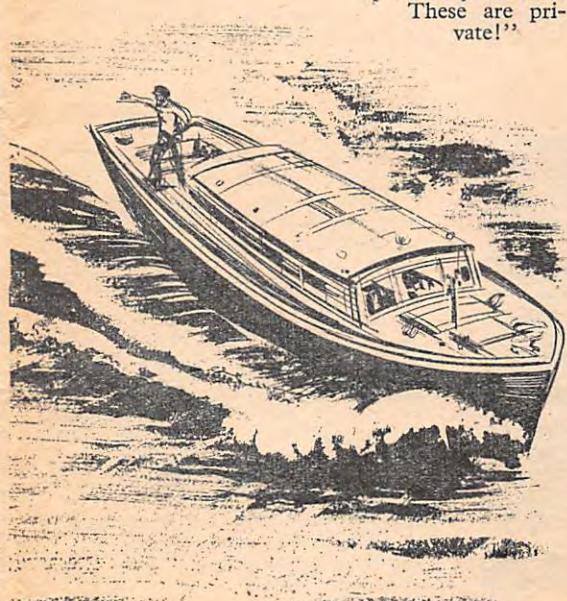
Although Alan couldn't afford a cruiser of his own, he kept a dinghy on the Thames. This wasn't ambitious enough for a fortnight's holiday, however, and he had, late in the season, managed to book the *Dolphin* at Peggleswick.

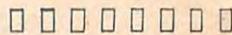
Alan tied up the dinghy at the jetty and collecting his petrol can, methylated bottle, and canvas hold-all for the various bits of shopping he'd been too early to obtain before leaving Peggleswick, he made his way to the clubhouse. The small but attractive building was deserted save for the steward, a round-featured, middle-aged man, who immediately made him welcome.

"It's a little early, sir, but you could probably do with some tea?" the steward suggested thoughtfully.

Alan gratefully accepted. Having been under way since dawn that morning with

(Please turn to page 53)





FUN WITH

Even a box camera can be used for indoor photography without special lighting—if you choose the right film. There is still time to take pictures for the B.O.P Holiday Photo Competition

HERE are now films so fast that snapshots can be taken indoors by daylight in reasonably well-lighted rooms without the need for flash or other additional lighting. The photographs reproduced with this article give an idea as to what can be achieved even with a box camera; when using a camera with an f6·3 or f4·5 lens the scope is even greater.

There are two films of extreme speed generally available. These are Ilford H.P.S. and Kodak Royal-X Pan of which the latter is a little faster but there is very little in it as far as the amateur is concerned. Neither of these films should be used in simple cameras out of doors in summer as the exposures required under these lighting conditions is such that the camera just cannot give them. A sunlit scene would require about 1/400 second at f32 which is possible only with fairly elaborate cameras. The fixed exposure and lens aperture of the box camera are usually about 1/50 second at f16 or



A candid snapshot taken at breakfast time with natural light from the nearby window

thereabouts. It can be seen therefore that a box camera would over-expose the fastest films hopelessly, to the extent of about twenty times.

There is a way, however, by which these very fast films can be used for holiday snapshots: use a neutral density filter in front of the camera lens. This has the effect of reducing substantially the amount of light entering the camera but without altering its colour. This is an expedient that can be used when a fast film is already in the camera with several exposures unused and it is wished to do some outdoor photo-



Lunch time in a works canteen in Manchester. Taken under the existing artificial lighting plus a little daylight

FAST

FILEM

by

GEORGE L. WAKEFIELD

Photos by the Author

graphy. There is something to be said for having the camera loaded with a rapid film so that, if picture-making indoors is to be undertaken, the dim light causes no difficulty and out of doors a neutral density filter can be used. This is equivalent to changing the film for a slower one.

Check the Exposure Table

Neutral density filters are perfectly grey in colour and have no effect on clouds and blue sky. They are obtainable in the form of gelatine film in various densities at a cost of a few shillings but normally have to be ordered through a photographic dealer. A square filter big enough to cover the camera lens can be cut to a circle that may be fitted into a home-made cardboard filter holder to slip on the lens mount. A filter having a density of 1.5 is suitable and this has the effect of reducing the effective speed of the very fastest films to that of films normally used for summer use in simple cameras.

The ambitious photographer may care to own several neutral density filters of different absorbing powers so that he can take pictures under widely differing lighting conditions. For example, the leaflet packed with Royal-X Pan film suggests an exposure of 1/400 second at f32 in bright sunshine. By using neutral density filters the exposure can be adjusted to be equivalent to those in the table below:

Shutter Speed	1/400	1/200	1/100	1/50	1/50	1/50
f number	f32	f32	f32	f32	f22	f16
Neutral Density Filter	1.5	1.2	0.9	0.6	0.3	none

The method of using the table is very simple; the exposure guide given with the

Photo studies in woods are possible if you use a fast film. Such places are normally too dark for snapshots

film is consulted, or a reading taken from an exposure meter if one is used, and if, for example, the indicated exposure is 1/50 at f32 then a neutral density filter having a value of 0.6 must be used with a box camera. It must be remembered that 1/50 at f32 is the same as 1/100 at f22 and so forth.

Armed with a really fast film and neutral density filters if necessary, there are few subjects that cannot be tackled. The rather gloomy places lit by daylight, such as railway stations and covered markets, which were once the preserves of those with expensive cameras, are now open to the cheapest box camera. Indoors at home, within reasonable distance of a window, portraits are possible and even after dark, if the room lights are replaced by photoflood lamps, snapshots can be taken



again with a simple camera. At first there may be a few failures until one learns what such films can do but the young photographer has no longer so much cause to envy the lucky owner of a fast lens.

My own adventures with a fast film have included photos taken in a bank, a large post office, in pouring rain during a storm in a city street, and snapshots of the dog in front of the fire. This last subject is a little beyond the simple camera unless photofloods are used or it is taken in daylight.

Avoid Over-Exposure

A fast film should be loaded and unloaded in dull light because it is so sensitive that the faintest glimmer of light reaching the emulsion will fog it. Another simple precaution is to keep the paper tightly rolled on the spool and not to allow it to spring partly undone when putting the film in the camera or taking it out. If the camera has a red window in the back through which the numbers are watched while winding on from one exposure to the next, it should be covered with a patch of black insulating tape except when the film is being wound. This should be done always but especially when the film in the camera is faster than usual.

Perhaps the most important point to watch is to avoid over-exposure. At one time under-exposure was the main fault in amateur photography but the danger now is in the other direction. If a fast film is given more exposure than it needs the picture may not be a failure but the negative will be grainy and this means that any but small enlargements

will have an unpleasant gritty appearance and they will not look perfectly sharp.

Those who develop their own films will find no difficulty in dealing with fast films. The loading of the film into the tank must be carried out in an absolutely dark room and not a chink must be visible in the blackout arrangements. To make sure of this it is as well to wait for a few minutes in the dark before unrolling the film so that the eyes adapt themselves and become sensitive enough to detect small amounts of light.

The very useful leaflet packed with the film has instructions for developing and fixing the film and it may be that there will be some special precautions to take which are unnecessary with slower films. With one particular very fast film only one developer formula is suitable and this is stated very definitely. It would be foolish in such a case to use any old developer that happened to be to hand. If the instructions are followed carefully the resulting negatives will prove excellent.

It will be noticed that negatives on fast film have rebates that are not quite so clear as when using slower films but this is of no consequence. If, however, there is pronounced fog that is in the form of streaks there is good reason to suspect that light has reached the edges of the film during loading or unloading.

George L. Wakefield will gladly answer readers' photographic queries or give advice on buying cameras and equipment. Write to him c/o The Editor, B.O.P., 4 Bourvie Street, London, E.C.4, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

HOLIDAY PHOTO COMPETITION

We invite readers to enter our HOLIDAY PHOTO COMPETITION. We are looking especially for photos that capture the spirit of summer. Gay and carefree fun out of doors, happy holidays, people and places, hobbies and humour, are only a few of the many possibilities for enthusiastic cameramen.

The coupon on page 60 *must* accompany your entry or entries; we ask you to send all your entries in at one time and to write your name, address and Class A or Class B on the back of each photo in ink. ALL PHOTOS SUBMITTED FROM GREAT BRITAIN MUST HAVE BEEN TAKEN IN 1959.

Entries will be divided into the usual B.O.P. Competition Classes—CLASS A for readers aged under 15 on the closing date; CLASS B for readers over 15 and under 18 on the

closing date; the OVERSEAS CLASS only is open to readers of any age, but dates of birth must be declared. In this Class there is a longer time limit. Send as many photos as you like; enclose a large s.a.e. for return.

£12 in Cash Prizes

The judges will be The Editor and Mr. George L. Wakefield, our Photography Correspondent. Their decision is final and no correspondence can be undertaken. Prizes of £3, £2, and £1 are offered for the best three entries in each Class, with many Consolation Prizes. Prizes in the Overseas Class will consist of Ten Books for the ten best entries. Closing dates are: HOME entries—October 30, 1959; OVERSEAS entries—April 29, 1960.



"Host of Butterflies": Ong Ling Seng (Singapore)

These ten readers submitted the best photos in the Overseas Section of the B.O.P 1958 Summer Photo Competition. Each will receive a book as a prize: Ong Ling Seng (Singapore); Han Sin Kwang (Singapore); A. Armellini (Rome, Italy); M. Blackie (Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia); Roger Clarke (Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada); W. Higgs (Nelson, New Zealand); P. Kirwan (Uganda, East Africa); A. Patz (Natal, South Africa); Georg Schorr (Vienna, Austria); S. Vihma (Helsinki, Finland)

OVERSEAS READERS' PHOTOS PRIZEWINNERS: 1958 SUMMER PHOTO COMPETITION



"Waterfall": Han Sin Kwang (Singapore)



"Woman on the Beach": A. Armellini (Rome, Italy)



"Mud Bath": M. Blackie (Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia)



"Scout Camp": Roger Clarke (Halifax, Nova Scotia)

Better Medicine

by ZACHARY BALL

Illustrated by Bertoglio

"Never show an Indian you're scared."

*Ab Heston tried to remember this
as he walked out to face the dreaded Blackfeet*



He held the gun level and steady for a moment; then he brought his left hand up and fanned the hammer

THREE were three pine cones hanging from a high limb, evenly spaced. The boy studied them carefully while his hands fondled the long barrel and dark walnut handle of the big dragoon pistol.

The dragoon, a repeater model pistol, had gained favour during the war with Mexico, but it was almost an unknown type of weapon on the Northwestern frontier in the year 1850.

"You git them three in a row, and fast, son," the boy's father said, "and you got me beat." He too was eyeing the three big pine cones high overhead.

"I don't reckon I'll ever be able to shoot as good as you, Pa," the boy said.

"Oh, I don't know about that," the tall, lank man grinned.

Then his son tried the pistol. Two of the cones fell but the third one wasn't touched. The boy, whose name was Ab Heston, shook his head and smiled in disappointment as he emptied the pistol of the fired shells.

His father slapped him on the shoulder. "Good enough, boy," he complimented. "You ain't the best in the world, but you do right good."

Ab glanced across the corn patch at their log cabin, where a thin stem of wood smoke stood up from the clay chimney, catching the orange light of sunset.

"I reckon Ma will fuss about us wastin' powder and lead on this sort of foolishness," he said.

Harry Heston nodded, grinning. "Likely she will." He turned and began shucking out the last few stalks of his corn row.

The Hestons had come to this section of the great North West and taken up land two years before. It was on the way

west that Ab's father had bought the dragoon pistol. He had become expert in the use of the weapon and had taught his son to handle it. Their practising with it was not wholly approved by Ab's mother, who considered it a foolish waste of powder and lead. Firearms, she contended, were to be used to bring in food or as a protection from Indians and wild animals. Ab and his father would jokingly argue with Mrs. Heston that you couldn't bring down game or protect your home with a gun that you didn't know how to use. Ab now stuck the dragoon in the waist-band of his homespun jeans and helped his father with the corn shucking.

Ab was only fifteen but he was big for his age, and had unusually heavy shoulders and chest. He had blond hair that curled out over his shirt collar, clear blue eyes and a broad, smiling mouth.

"You aim to make a trip to the tradin' post next week?" he asked his father.

"Nope," the tall man replied. "To-morrow." He glanced towards the sun which was a big red disc hanging just above the mountain-tops to the west. "Pears to me it'll likely be a fair day to-morrow. And I got to bring home a passel of supplies before snow flies. You can shuck out the rest of this patch while I'm gone."

"Sure," Ab said. "And you better get plenty of powder and lead, huh? Ours is gettin' low."

AT that moment a slight sound came to them from the timber wall that flanked the corn patch, and father and son turned in quick unison. Ab's hand automatically going to the butt of the dragoon. A tall, lean man with a Kentucky rifle over his arm stepped out of the timber. Ab and his father showed no surprise at the man's sudden appearance, for it was not unusual for trappers to pass this way.

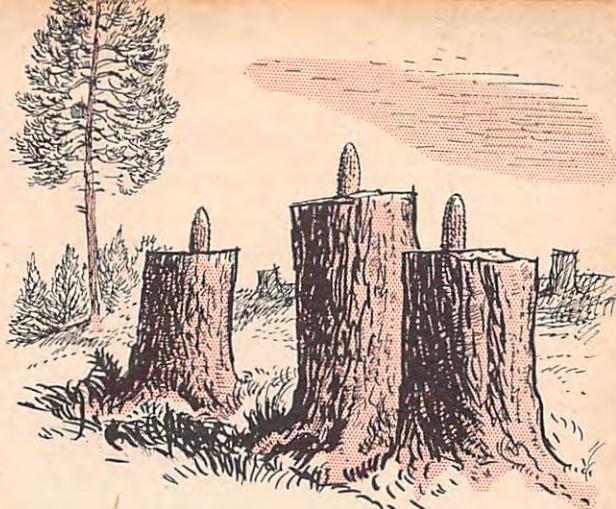
Ab's father greeted the man and offered his hand. They shook and Ab's father said, "Headin' for the mountains, likely?"

"Yep," the trapper said. "Got my traps all stored at Balford's Tradin' Post." He looked at the handle of the dragoon pistol sticking out of Ab's waistband. "Some mighty fast shootin' you was doin' a bit ago, son. Reckon that's one of them new dragoons, huh?"

"That's right," Ab grinned, and lifted the pistol out and showed it to the man.

"Saw one last year down in Texas. First one I've seen up around here, though. Likely it's about the only one in the Northwest."

Ab's father said to the trapper, "If you're



headin' for Balford's Post I can save you a walk. I'm aimin' to drive in to the Post to-morrow. You could stay the night with us...."

The old trapper scuffed gnarled knuckles across a stubbled chin. "I'd be mighty obliged to you," he said.

Harry Heston looked towards the cabin and said, "From the looks of the smoke from the chimney, the woman's 'bout got supper cooked. Come along."

Beyond the cabin the rising foothills were displaying splashes of autumn's golds and yellows, the colours heightened by the setting sun. Beyond the foothills at a far distance, jagged peaks, their caps touched with first snow, thrust up into the crimson-washed sky.

The trapper, whose name was Myrick, helped Ab and his father with the feeding of the horses and the cow and the pigs, then the three went into the cabin for supper. Travellers were always welcome at the Heston cabin, and Ab's mother served a steaming and abundant meal of home-grown food, topped off with deep apple pie. Ab's six-year-old brother Taddy had been shy of the stranger at first, but before the meal was over they were friends.

After supper Ab helped his mother with the kitchen work; and when his father had done the milking and the fresh milk had been crocked, they all sat about the fireplace talking. The Hestons had built a good, substantial cabin. The home-made furniture was shiny clean. There was a spinning wheel beside the fireplace and half a dozen comfortable chairs about the room. In a back room was a peg ladder that led to the sleeping quarters in the loft.

Both the Hestons and their guest were thoroughly enjoying this visit. For frontier settlers and the mountain trappers were lonely

(Please turn overleaf)

people, and always welcomed an opportunity to swap news. They talked of crops and the prospect for the coming fur season in the mountains and of the increasing number of settlers coming to the Northwest.

BEEN seein' any Indian sign along your way?" Ab's father asked the trapper. Myrick shook his head. "Hear there's been some trouble between the Crows an' the Blackfeet. Farther north, that is."

"Huntin' parties of Crows have come past here several times since we've been here," Harry told him. "Always peaceable seeming though, if we gave grub."

"Crows ain't so very troublesome," the trapper said. "It's the Blackfeet you gotta look out for."

Harry nodded. "I know. Ain't never been any of them around here, but we're always on the lookout."

Myrick was thoughtful. "Best way to face up to Injuns is to never let 'em know you're afeared of 'em. 'Specially a Blackfoot. You let a Blackfoot know you're scared of him and he'll lift your hair for sure. Act like you're braver'n him. Show fight when you're outnumbered. He don't know what to make of that."

Ab was listening interestedly, the firelight dancing in his blue eyes. He was always glad when one of the mountain men stopped by. It was an exciting thrill to listen to their tales of trapping and hunting and of brushes they'd had with Indians.

"Another thing," the trapper went on, "you got your best chance with a Blackfoot if you can pow-wow with him, git his mind off of killin' you. Make good medicine with him an' your chances are a lot better."

Ab said, "What do you mean, make good medicine?"

"Brag a bit," the trapper told him. "Tell him you're the bravest man in the woods, tell him you can make better medicine than he can, then do somethin' to prove it."

"Like what?"

"Oh, anything you can do that he can't understand. Any kind of trick you can do that puzzles him."

"Gosh," Ab said, soberly, "I wouldn't never have any chance with a Blackfoot, 'cause I don't know how to do any tricks."

"Likely we won't never be bothered with 'em," his mother said. "Ain't never been none come around here."

"You can't never figure what a Blackfoot will do, ma'am," Myrick said. "They range over wide country. 'Specially since they been havin' trouble with the Crows."

It was ten o'clock when Ab's father suggested that they turn in. "I want to pick up a load of corn out of the patch in the mornin'," he said, "and get started for the post by dawn."

The old trapper rose and reached for his rifle, saying that he'd sleep in the stable on the hay, if it was all right. Ab's father tried to persuade him to sleep in the cabin, but he refused.

"Feel safer when I'm out where I can hear the night sounds," he grinned.

Dawn was frosting the buildings and fence posts the next morning when Ab and his father went to the barn to do the morning chores. As soon as the morning meal was over, Ab's father said, "We'll

have to be headin' out for the post." He said to his wife, "Reckon you and the boys will be all right here this time?"

"We'll be all right," she told him. "Things have got to be looked after here." Then she gave him a list of goods and such that she wanted from the post.

- Ab went out to the loaded wagon with Myrick and his father, and Taddy tagged along.

"You look after your mother and this young 'un," Harry said to Ab as he put a big work-hardened hand on Taddy's head and tousled his blond hair.

"I will, sure," Ab told him.

"You can shuck out the rest of the corn. Keep plenty firewood cut for your ma. Take good care of the stock."

"I will," Ab promised.

"You're the man of the place while I'm gone. Keep it in mind."

"I'll keep it in mind, Pa," Ab said, and pride tightened his throat.

He watched them mount the wagon and drive off, with Taddy riding the tail end of the coupling pole of the wagon until his father ordered him to get off and go back to the house. Ab stood watching the departing wagon until it was out of sight in the timber. For three days he was going to be responsible for looking after his mother and Taddy. It would be a full three days because it was a good haul to the post, and almost no road at all to follow.

Always before the family had made the trip, but a month ago it had been decided that his father would make it alone this time because they now had more stock to be looked after. When the decision had been made, Ab was thrilled at the prospect of being in charge of the place while his father was gone. He had thought of it as an adventure, a time to prove to his parents that he was now a real man; but now he wasn't so sure that he liked it. Suppose something went wrong? Suppose an early snowstorm came, a bad one, and the cow wandered off? What if the house was to catch afire, or a band of marauding Indians came along? And thinking those things, little tingles of apprehension went singing through him. He was beginning to understand now that the head of a family carried a greater burden of responsibility than he had supposed.

"Can I go with yuh to the corn patch to shuck to-day?" Taddy asked him.


"No. You got to stay around the house with Ma."

"Oh, mud turtles!" Taddy exclaimed in disgust, and kicked at a big clod of dirt.

Ab carried water from the spring for his mother to do the washing; then chopped enough wood to last at least until supper time to-morrow. Then he went to the corn patch until dinner. All afternoon he worked in the corn patch, and at sundown went in and did the chores; then he went to the house for supper.

When supper was over, Ab and his mother and Taddy sat in the cabin before the low-burning fireplace and his mother read several verses from the Bible. Then Ab set to making an elderberry popgun for Taddy while his mother worked her spinning wheel. After two hours she put the



wheel away and said it was bedtime for all of them. Ab said that suited him, for he was tired.

"I'm goin' to bed down here," Ab told her as she started for the loft ladder. "Case a wolf or bear or anything comes prowlin' around the place. We don't want to lose any of them pigs."

"All right," she said as she helped Taddy up the peg ladder.

Ab made himself a pallet on the floor before the fireplace and lay down, and in a matter of minutes his weariness claimed him.

It didn't seem to him that he had been asleep any time at all when he suddenly awoke. He lay for moments listening into the silence of the room, wondering what had awakened him. He could hear his mother's soft snoring in the loft above. The faint glow from a misted quarter moon filtered through the windows. He had the strange feeling that things were not right outside. But he reasoned that if any wild animal had been prowling out there the chickens and pigs would have given a warning. But he couldn't get rid of the feeling.

Finally he got up and slipped into his clothes and silently crossed the room to the fireplace, where the ashes were now cold. His father owned two rifles and the dragoon pistol. He had taken one rifle with him. The other hung above the fireplace, and the dragoon lay on the mantel. Ab picked it up and went to the door and quietly opened it and stepped out.

HE stood a moment listening into the night, the pistol gripped in his hand. Then he moved along the cabin, holding to the shadows, and when he came to the corner he stopped to listen again. The only sound was the soft sighing of the wind in the pine trees behind the cabin.

He crossed the bare yard to the small stable where he found all of the stock undisturbed. Then he stood in the shadow of the stable and studied all the clearing and the corn patch and ran his gaze along the wall of timber beyond the patch. He could hear no sound, could see no movement whatever. But then, he thought, with no more light than there was an animal or anything would have to be as big as the stable to be seen. Finally he went back to the house, entered quietly, rebolted the door, put the dragoon back on the mantel, undressed and returned to his bed.

He awoke to the good smell of frying corn cakes and bacon in the room. His little brother was horse-riding him, bouncing up and down on his stomach to awaken him. He rolled over and played with Taddy a few moments, then slipped

into his shirt and jeans, snapped his braces over his shoulders and sat up. He pulled on his cowhide boots, said good morning to his mother and went out and washed at the bench beside the door. He dried his face and hands on the towel hanging above the bench and turned to go in the house; he stopped dead.

His swinging glance caught movement near the corn patch. He stood staring in that direction, sweeping his gaze across the timber wall beyond the patch. Again he saw movement. It was slight but it was movement. Brown movement. And then he knew what it was. There

were Indians in the woods! They must have been snooping around the place last night.

Ab went into the cabin, saying nothing to his mother about the Indians. It was really nothing to be over-concerned about, he told himself. Crow hunting parties had passed here before and had not been hostile; only stopping to beg food. These Indians out there now were probably some who had stopped in the past, and wanted food again. Twice during breakfast Ab got up and looked out of the window.

"What are you lookin' for, son?" his mother asked the second time he got up.

"Saw what looked like Indians over in the timber," he told her, calmly. "Reckon they're wantin' grub. I'll take a ham over there after breakfast and hang it on a tree. They'll come and get it."

He glanced at his mother and saw that the worry crease between her eyebrows had deepened at the news. She said nothing.

When they had finished eating, Ab stepped to the window, and his breath caught in his throat. His mother moved beside him and they both stood looking towards the timber.

After a long silence she said in an almost whisper, "What are they?"

AB studied the group of Indians standing at the edge of the timber staring towards the cabin. He studied them a long time before answering. "They're Blackfeet, Ma," he said softly, striving to keep his voice calm.

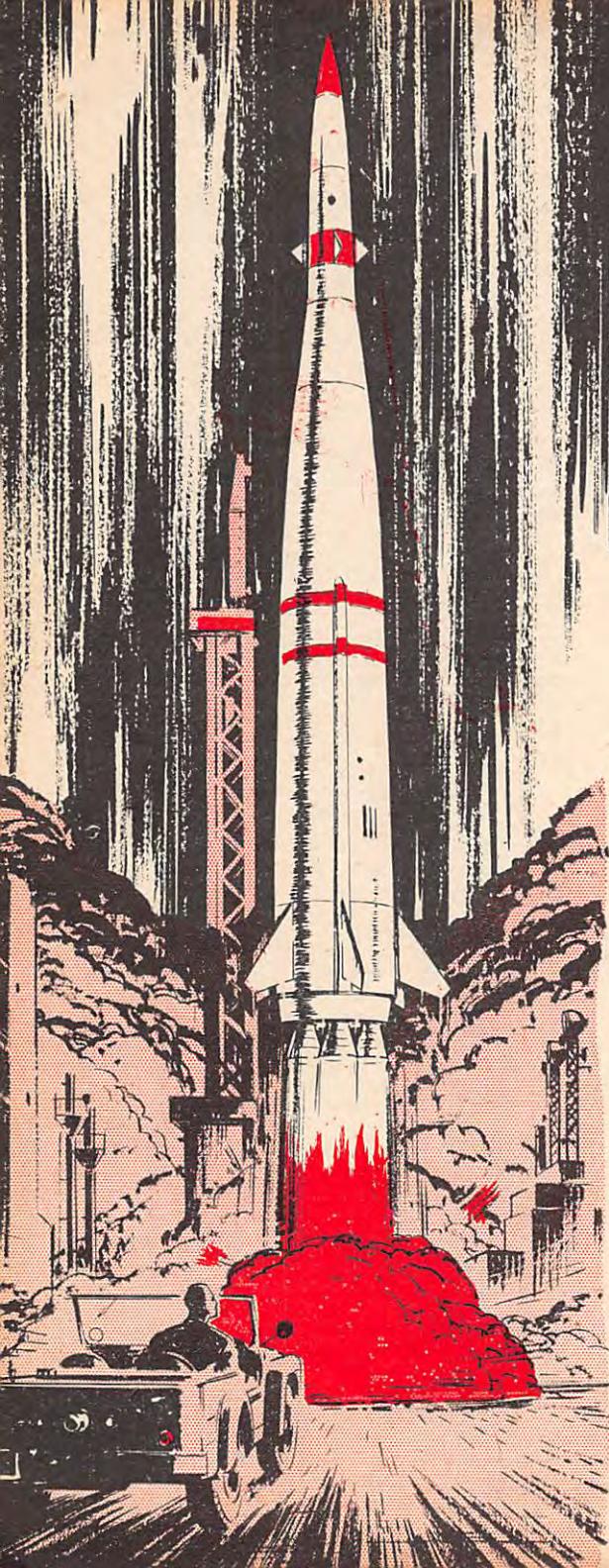
That was all he had to say. She understood. The Blackfeet were the most feared Indians in the Northwest. They never approached a settler's cabin in friendliness or to trade or beg food. They came only to kill and destroy.

Ab's mother was a true frontier woman. Neither by word nor action did she show fear. She went directly to the fireplace and took down the long rifle. Ab got the dragoon pistol from the mantel and checked the percussion caps and made sure the weapon was loaded all around.

Taddy, unaware of the danger, was playing with his toys on the floor. Once he shrieked in laughter and his mother told him to be quiet. She placed the rifle beside the window and now she and Ab stood together at the window watching the Indians. As yet they had made no move towards the cabin.

"We'll wait and see what they're up to," she said.

(Please turn to page 56)



JIM BALLANTYNE stood in the shadow of the giant rocket, hands stuck in the pockets of his faded jeans, freckled face upturned, as, with blue eyes squinting in the glare, he gazed up at the shining hull towering into the blazing sky. Very soon now this steel monster would roar up into the blue, belching fire, and the first manned flight to the Moon would begin. But, Jim reflected sadly, he would not be on board: worse, he would not even be here to see the launching, for the holidays would be over, and he would be back at school in Port Augusta.

The boy kicked angrily at the foot of the gantry against which he stood, hurting himself more than the steel, for he was wearing only canvas shoes. What was the use, he thought, of having James Ballantyne, D.Sc., Director of the Anglo-Australian Moon Rocket Project, for a father if he couldn't even see the start of that historic voyage!

Dr. Ballantyne smiled as he looked down from the platform near the top of the gantry, and saw that frustrated kick. He knew quite well what was eating his son, and had already decided to arrange for him to stay for the launching.

"Come up, Jim!" he shouted.

Jim was only rarely allowed inside the control cabin of the rocket. He wasted no time waiting for the lift which was bringing the engineers down to ground level, but began climbing the vertical steel ladder. The lift passed before he was half-way up, and, seeing that one of the passengers was Tom Fleming, whom he knew to be going on leave to-day, Jim shouted: "Cheerio, Mr. Fleming; have a good holiday!"

Fleming had no time to reply, but raised a hand in acknowledgment. He was a lean, dark man, with few friends, but he had always been ready to talk to Jim, and to answer his endless questions

The whole area was lit by a great gush of flame from the base of the rocket. Then the huge ship rose into the air . . .

Jim Ballantyne's ambition was to see the launching
of the Anglo-Australian Moon Rocket,
but saboteurs planned to send the Rocket blasting into Space—with
Jim trapped aboard, never to return

RUNAWAY ROCKET

by H. B. GREGORY

ILLUSTRATED BY REDMILL

about the ship. The other men grinned as the lift shot downwards. Jim was generally popular with the Project team, and not only because his father was Director.

When Jim reached the platform, his father had already gone back through the entry port into the rocket, and the boy followed him through the air-lock into the cramped cabin where, facing the control panel, glittering with instruments, stood the three padded chair-couches in which the crew would be strapped for take-off.

Jim was a keen science student himself, bent on following in his famous father's footsteps, so he was able to understand the function of most of the control mechanisms. To his great delight, he was again allowed to sit in the pilot's chair, and to buckle the safety harness around him. It didn't fit very closely since, although tough and wiry, he was small for his fourteen years, but, as he sat there with the instruments and control gear arrayed before him, he could almost imagine he was really flying through space towards the Moon. He closed his eyes, and sighed deeply.

"I know just how you feel. What wouldn't I give to be going with them too?" said Dr. Ballantyne. He ran his lean, sensitive fingers through his thick, grey hair, unruly as his son's own sandy thatch. "But I'm too old, and you're too young. Cheer up, son! You'll be just right for the first Mars run!"

"That won't be the same, dad. This is the first ever."

There was no answer to that, so Dr. Ballantyne went on to explain the controls of the radio equipment, which had been completed since Jim's last visit. Presently a bell rang, and a red light glowed on the instrument panel.

The Director stood up: "Come on, Jim. We must get out now. They're going to begin filling the tanks."

"Already, dad?"

"Yes. We want to give the motors a trial run

to-morrow. Low speed, of course. We're not ready to go, yet."

"What's still to be done, dad?"

"Not much here, except for testing. We've still to plot the final course, and set it up on the auto-pilot, but the ship herself is just about ready to go."

When Jim and his father reached the ground, two big red tankers were being backed up to the base of the rocket, and, from a safe distance, they watched the fuelling team, looking like space-men themselves in their protective suits and helmets, connect the pipe lines.

"Is it so dangerous?" Jim asked.

"Liquid fluorine and hydrogen? Just about the most violent combination possible, apart from plutonium and uranium 235, but the most successful rocket fuel yet, since we found the right material to line the tanks."

When sufficient fuel for the motor tests had been pumped into the rocket, and the tankers had gone, Dr. Ballantyne and his son climbed into the waiting Land Rover. Jim was allowed to drive on the pathways within the perimeter fence, since these were not public roads, but they stopped at the gate to change places. Dr. Ballantyne spoke to the uniformed security guard on duty.

"Who's on the gate to-night?" he asked.

"Pearson and Grant, sir."

"Grant? He's new, isn't he?"

"Too right, sir. But Pearson's an old hand. He'll show him the drill."

"Good. From now on, no-one is to be allowed into the compound after dark. And by day, only those with a pass signed personally by me."

"Right, sir. I'll pass it on."

Dr. Ballantyne climbed back into the Land Rover, and the guard swung back the heavy gate to let them through.

"Expecting trouble, dad?"

"Not particularly. But there are a lot of people

(Please turn overleaf)

THE TIME MACHINE

Would that I had a Time Machine,
With which I could amuse,
To go right back to might-have-been,
When History books confuse,
And muddle dates, and places, scenes,
In volumes one to five,
And list the dates of Kings and Queens,
And all those who survive
In name alone through history,
With battles, plots, and deeds;
Each cloaked in time and mystery,
Until my gadget speeds,
To open each and every page
Of knowledge of each bygone age!

D. H. Hillesley

who would very much like to see this project fail, Jim."

A few minutes' drive took them to the bungalows occupied by the Project personnel. Dr. Ballantyne, although a widower, had one to himself, and here Jim stayed with his father during the holidays from school. After their evening meal, leaving his father at work on the daily progress report, Jim caught the 'bus into Woomera to see an old Western film. On his way home after the show, Jim decided to visit the rocket site before going to bed. It had been very hot in the cinema, and the rattle of six-shooters had given him a slight headache. It was very pleasant swinging along in the cool night air, under a moonless sky bright with stars, after he left the 'bus.

He had done this before, and knew the guards welcomed a break in their lonely vigil, but, as he drew near the gate, Jim was hoping that Pearson would be on duty, and not Grant, whom he did not know. To his surprise, neither was in sight. One of them was supposed to be there at all times. Jim crept up to the small wicket beside the main gate, silent on his rubber soles, and peered through the bars. As he rested his weight on it, the gate moved. It was open.

Jim's mouth went dry. What should he do? He mustn't panic. Perhaps it was just carelessness. He must investigate further before raising the alarm. He slipped through the gate, and stole silently up to the lighted window of the guardroom. What he saw there made him reel with horror.

Pearson lay huddled on the floor, his eyes staring, his head in a pool of blood. Over him, wiping the butt of a revolver, stood another man in uniform, who must be Grant. Worst of all, the third man, facing the window, was Tom Fleming, the engineer who had gone on leave that afternoon, and who should have been well on his way to his home in Sydney by now. Stepping cautiously back from the window, Jim thought furiously. Should he make a dash for his father's bungalow? It was over a mile away, and long before he could get help, whatever sabotage these traitors planned might have been done. No, he must go on, towards the rocket itself, and either telephone from the control tower, or set off the siren on the workshop roof. Without wasting another moment he began to run.

Three minutes later he was frantically stumbling from door to door of the workshops and control

tower, and finding them all securely locked. Fool! he told himself bitterly. Why didn't you think of that?

As he stood irresolute, blood pounding in his ears, his eye caught the flash of a torch, between him and the gate. Whatever he was going to do must be done quickly. He turned and ran on, towards the launching platform, three hundred yards away. Before him, gleaming faintly in the starlight, the slender bulk of the rocket loomed against the sky. Somehow he must save it! He pounded grimly on.

His breath was sobbing in his throat as he reached the foot of the gantry and leapt at the ladder, knowing that the power would be cut off from the lift. Hand over hand he hauled himself painfully upwards. Half-way up his foot slipped and he almost fell, clinging trembling to the steel rungs, his hands slippery with sweat. He forced himself to wait until his breathing steadied a little, then went on more cautiously.

As he crawled panting on to the platform, the beam of a powerful torch leapt at him from below, and a shot rang out, the bullet hitting the steel beside him and whining away into the night. Jim staggered to the entry port, and tugged at the sunken lever. The massive door swung open, allowing him to slip inside, then thudded back on to its rubber seating. He spun the wheel which sealed it fast and sank exhausted on the floor of the air-lock. A second bullet splashed on the outer skin of the rocket.

Some minutes later, the lock clicked as someone outside tried to open it, but Jim grinned in the darkness, knowing that, once it was sealed from within, the door could not be opened without the emergency key, which never left his father's possession. The ship was safe now, and so was he. All he had to do was to wait for daylight and rescue, if indeed the shooting had not already given the alarm. When he had recovered somewhat, Jim got to his feet, and felt his way into the cabin. It was pitch dark, but he groped for the pilot's chair, and sank gratefully into its padding. Now that no more effort was needed, he felt weak as a kitten. Soon he was asleep.

He was awakened by the sudden glare of the cabin lights, shining full on his face. He sat up, bewildered, rubbing his eyes, and stared aghast at the control panel. The red lever of the fluorine pump was moving over, as if grasped by an invisible hand. Underneath his feet the steel deck began to vibrate. Then he understood. The saboteurs had broken into the control tower, and were operating the remote controls, which had been connected by cable for to-morrow's test. But why only fluorine? The jets would not fire without hydrogen as well.

An icy chill swept over Jim as he guessed the fendiish plan. Tons of liquid fluorine would gush from the jets into the blast tunnel beneath the ship and lie there, boiling, until the hydrogen pumps were started. Then would follow a frightful explosion, less only than that of an atom bomb, and the ship would be instantly destroyed.

He grabbed the red lever, and tried frantically to push it back, but it was useless. His small strength was nothing to the electromagnets holding it. He let go, and stood for an instant, trembling in every limb. One desperate remedy alone remained. Could he remember the firing sequence? He drew a deep breath, and then, as calmly as he

could, threw the switches over: oxygen, gyro-motors, auto-pilot, and, lastly, the blue lever of the hydrogen pump.

With a mighty roar, the main jets fired at full throttle, and Jim was flung back into his seat as the deck leapt beneath his feet. His weight grew and grew as the enormous acceleration crushed him mercilessly into the padding, and held him helpless, while the rocket hurtled bellowing towards the stars.

WHEN the last 'bus from Woomera had arrived, and Jim had not returned, Dr. Ballantyne got out the Land Rover, and drove to the Project site, expecting to find his son at the gate, as on previous occasions. To his anger and dismay, there was no guard on duty, and the wicket was open. He went through, and stormed into the guardroom, almost falling over Pearson's body. The Director at once telephoned for help, and, taking a revolver, opened the main gate and drove towards the control tower, where he could see a light.

He was scarcely half-way there when the whole area was lit by a great gush of flame from the base of the rocket, and the huge ship rose into the air. Paralysed, Dr. Ballantyne stared at what he thought to be the ruin of all his work, expecting at any moment to see the rocket explode in mid-air, or dive down to destruction, but, incredibly, it went on climbing up into the night sky, veering slightly towards the north-east, dwindled to a red spark amidst the stars, and at last vanished.

His next thought was for Jim, who, he guessed, had somehow fallen foul of the saboteurs, and he drove furiously on to the control tower, leapt out, and raced up the stairs, revolver in hand. There he found Fleming, about to demolish the equipment with a fireman's axe. The renegade engineer turned, his dark features twisting in a stupid grin, and leapt at the Director, swinging his axe. Dr. Ballantyne shot him dead.

At this moment the squad car arrived, and, after a brief search, the charred body of the traitor Grant

was found, near the launching platform. He had been caught by the blast when the rocket took off unexpectedly. A further intensive search failed to reveal any trace of Jim, and an awful suspicion as to his son's possible fate began to take shape in Dr. Ballantyne's mind. It was useless to attempt even to track the rocket, much less to control it, unless its own transmitter was radiating, since the connections which had been made to the tower for the motor tests were temporary cable hook-ups, and had parted the instant the rocket lifted.

There was nothing to be done but to inform all listening posts and tracking stations throughout the world, and hope for a miracle. A lesser man might well have given way to despair, but Dr. Ballantyne had not been appointed Director for nothing. Within half an hour, all personnel had been brought to the site, and the whole area, under the glare of floodlights, was a scene of intense, but highly organized, activity.

One team was repairing the gantry, which had been slightly damaged by the unexpected launching; another was tuning up the telemetering and remote control gear; while in the tower itself the radio operators sat glued to their equipment, headphones on, eyes fixed on the flickering screens of cathode-ray tubes, as on the roof above, the great paraboloid of the radio telescope swung slowly round, scanning every quarter of the sky.

In the same room, Dr. Ballantyne, his face a rigid mask, sat at his desk, in direct communication with Jodrell Bank in far-off Manchester, where the giant radio telescope was already scanning the wintry sky on the other side of the globe.

WHEN his senses returned, Jim found himself floating a few feet above the pilot's chair. The lights still shone on the control panel, the clock showing that he had been unconscious for only half an hour. All was so quiet and still that the boy wondered if he were dreaming. He tried to reach the seat below—or was it above?—but the movement only sent him sailing up—or was it down?—to the steel roof. His head swam, and he felt suddenly sick. So this was the much-discussed weightlessness of space flight! He wasn't sure he liked it much. Very cautiously he pushed gently on the roof, and sailed back to the chair, grabbing the arms. He wriggled round into the seat, and quickly strapped himself in. That was a lot better! He leaned forward, and studied the instruments.

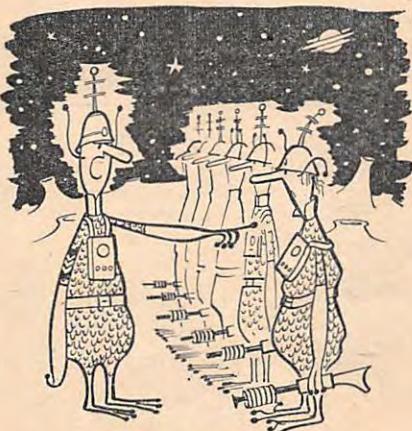
The needle of the altimeter was steady at a height of 1075 miles. The relative speed indicator showed 15,800 m.p.h. By the greatest good fortune, the rocket had reached orbital velocity before the motors stopped. For the moment he was safe, but—was there any fuel left? With his heart in his mouth, Jim switched on the gauges.

Two tanks only were full, one of fluorine, the other of hydrogen. The rest were empty. How many had been filled at the outset he had no idea, but it seemed a fairly safe guess that only one pair had been connected for the test. In that case, half the fuel was gone. There should be just enough to get him back to earth. Jim knew he could not hope to pilot the rocket himself. His only chance was to make radio contact with the control tower at Woomera—assuming that the saboteurs had not succeeded in wrecking the

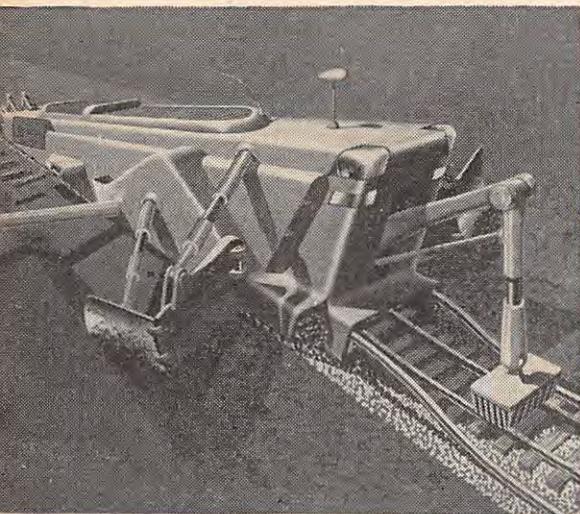
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"You look like nothing on Mars!"

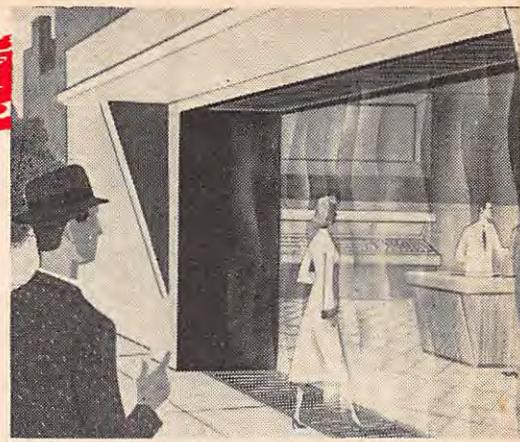
(Reader's cartoon suggested by R. M. Aitken, Widnes, Lancs.
He receives Ten Shillings)



1960



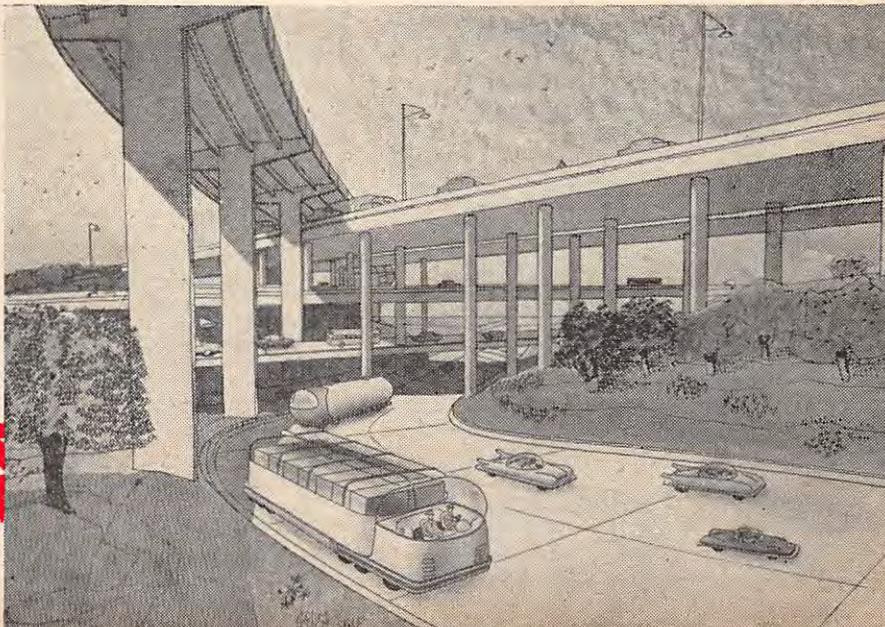
A development of present railway track-laying machines will do everything automatically—rip up old tracks, lay new ones, widen and grade the bed, ditch for proper drainage, pull and drive spikes and replace and tamp down ballast—all at the touch of a switch



Public buildings will no longer use doors. The entrance will be a "wall" of hot air, as required. The interior of the building will be air-conditioned; the outside heat or cold is unable to penetrate the air barrier

TWENTY YEARS

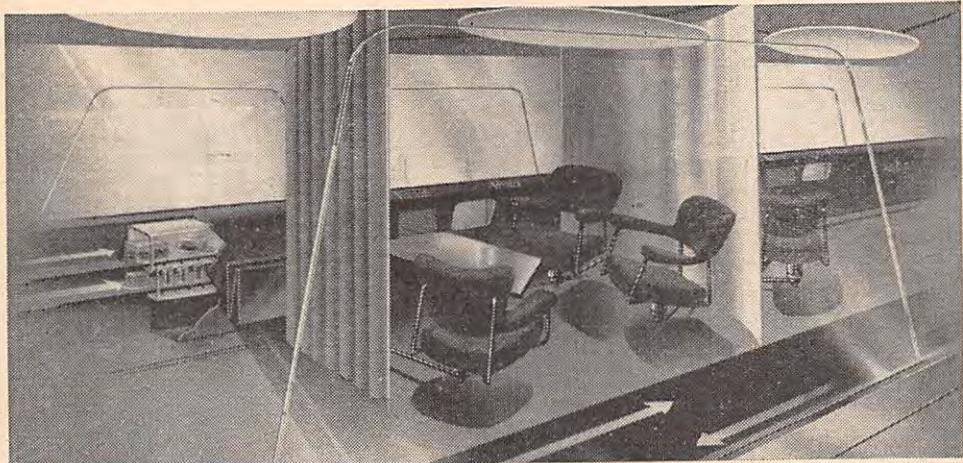
Multi-tiered Highways and "Throughways" will handle the ever-increasing road traffic in and near cities



1980



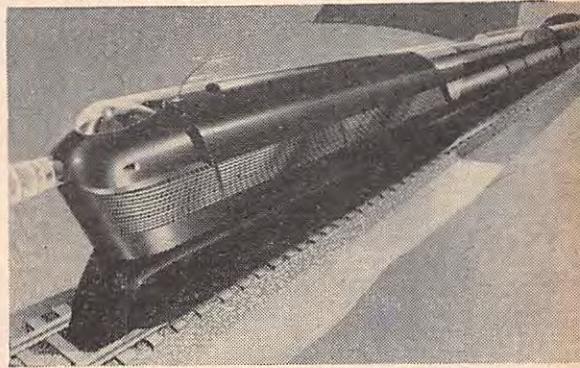
Right: helicopters will be bigger and more economical to operate. This 30-passenger machine will carry suburban-dwellers to the city in a fraction of the time taken on the Underground. Below: There's no need to tip waiters in the restaurant of 1980! Diners reach their tables on a moving floor strip, select items from the menu by push-button and food will be delivered on an endless belt



AHEAD

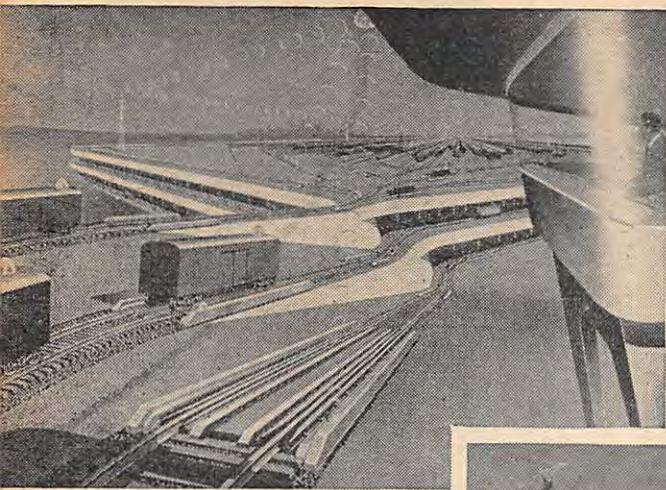
B.O.P takes a preview of 1980 and finds that Doors and Tipping are obsolete! Atom-powered Trains, 30-passenger Helicopters and Double-Decker Roads will revolutionize Transport

Double-decker trains will be driven by atomic power, directed and controlled by an electronic engineer



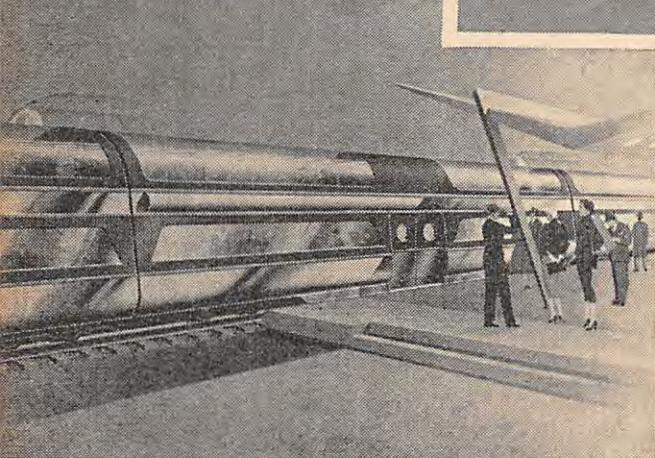
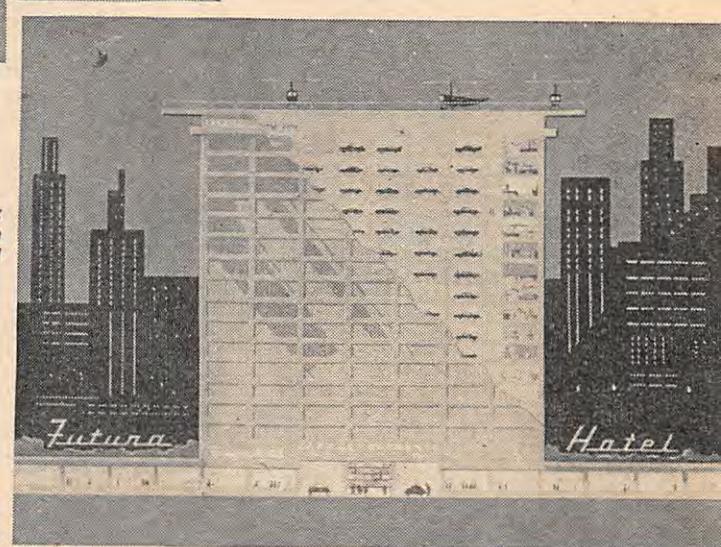
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1980



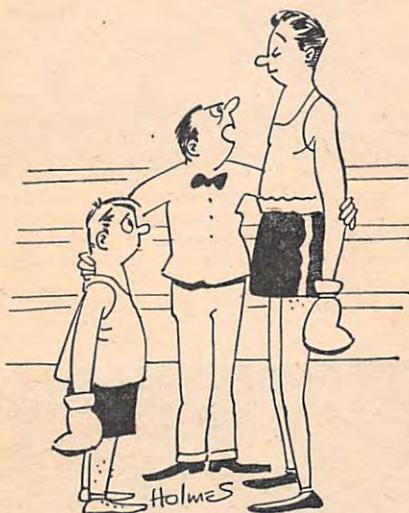
Rolling stock marshalling yards of 1980 will have individual cars switched electronically to make up trains. Television cameras will be used to inspect and record all rolling stock in the three or more decks

Certain hotels will cater only for guests arriving by car or helicopter. The cars will park in the heart of the hotel and the helicopters will land on the roof heliport



Panoramic windows and roof, complete air-conditioning and attention to passenger comfort will be normal items in the uncrowded trains of 1980

TIME TO Laugh!



"And remember—no hitting below the belt!"

Bank Manager: "How much spare cash have we got to-day?"

Bank Clerk: "About £28,000, sir. Shall I put it in the safe before I go home?"

Bank Manager: "Certainly not—that's much too risky. I'll take it home myself and put it under the mattress."

"I bought an electric blanket but I forgot to switch it off before I got into bed."

"What happened?"

"Before long I was the toast of the town!"

The Language Research Unit at Cambridge is trying to produce a Punched Card machine for translating from one language to another. In some recent experiments a card bearing the well-known saying "Out of sight, out of mind" was put in the machine. It came out at the other end "Invisible, insane"—in Japanese.

Wife (with new refrigerator): "Come along, dear. Dinner's thawing!"

Scaffolding surrounded Kensington Town Hall recently. A large notice warned people DANGEROUS MEN ABOVE. But no one seemed unduly alarmed.

A man wading in the River Dee at Llangollen scooped up a handful of what appeared to be ancient coins. He told the police and soon they recovered 251 lb. of foreign coins, washers, and metal discs. They believe the junk was dumped in the river by a slot machine owner!

Footballer's Wife: "Is my husband very ill, doctor?"

Doctor: "Oh, no! He's got a touch of sun-stroke—quite common at the start of the season."



"After all, I have to earn my living at this game!"

Ferry to HONG KONG



Battered by an explosion and crippled by a typhoon, the "Fat Annie" has run aground. A junk closes in—to rescue the passengers, as all on board think—but the occupants are armed pirates



A junk has exploded alongside the "Fa Tsan" ferry. As the smoke and confusion clear Captain Hart (Orson Welles) rises from the wreckage of his beloved geraniums to survey with horror the damage to his ship



In the engine-room of the grounded "Fa Tsan", the brilliant plan to kill armed pirate Yen (Milton Reid) is foiled. As Yen turns to face a sudden intruder, Mark Conrad (Curt Jurgens) and Joe Skinner (Noel Purcell) know that the opportunity has gone



(Left) This is the end of the story for Captain Hart. His ship has gone. His attempt to create a new dignity for himself has also failed. As Joe Skinner offers to lend him money, Hart smiles. Suddenly he remembers other ways to make money

When the "Fat Annie" runs aground the promising theme of this film loses its sense of purpose, too. In the end the ramshackle ferry-boat is the best thing in it

MY verdict on the colour film *FERRY TO HONG KONG* is "very disappointing" as far as the film and the story are concerned, and "excellent" as far as the brilliant photography by Otto Heller goes. The shots of Hong Kong are unforgettable if, like myself, you have never travelled outside Western Europe. But this is not a travel film; it sets out to be an adventure story with a purpose of some kind, set in the romantic Far East, but the difficulty is to find out what that purpose really is.

The story starts off well. Mark Conrad (Curt Jurgens), an exile from Austria, embarks at Hong Kong on the ancient, wheezing, ramshackle ferry-boat *Fa Tsan* (known as the "Fat Annie") with a one-way ticket to the mainland port of Macao. He has been deported from Hong Kong as a stateless and undesirable person; the Portuguese will not have him at Macao, which is hardly surprising. So this human shuttle is condemned to stay for an indefinite period on board the "Fat Annie" much to the disgust of her pompous skipper, Captain Hart (Orson Welles).

Plight of the Refugee

The film could have been a moving commentary on the plight of the refugee, surely one of the most urgent social problems of our time. But it never approaches the dignity of this theme; instead it degenerates into yet another sop for the mass market, cushioned by much cheap melodrama and some regrettable over-acting by distinguished actors.

Mark Conrad and Captain Hart are two thoroughly mean-minded and despicable men. Conrad stalks through the film like an overgrown teddy boy, drawing attention to himself in the only way he knows—smashing things up, and taking advantage of a charming school-mistress (Sylvia Syms) who tries to help him. Captain Hart craves power and respectability, treating his crew like scum and his passengers with condescension. His conceit, pseudo-gentlemanly accent and complete lack of humanity will make you detest him; I longed to stick blanket pins in him just to see what would happen!

The conflict between these two detestable men becomes the theme of *FERRY TO HONG KONG* and the end is far from convincing. I felt the best actor on view was the barrel-shaped "Fat Annie" herself, a fascinating old hulk. Naturally she says nothing, which under all the circumstances is just as well.

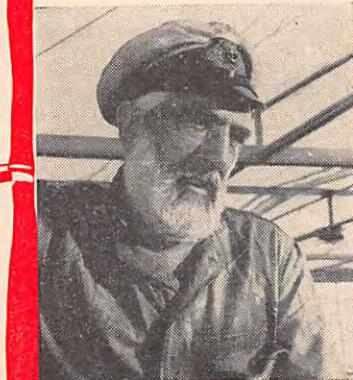
JACK COX



Curt Jurgens as Mark Conrad



Orson Welles as Captain Hart



Noel Purcell as Joe Skinner

Is ALAN ELSE a future World Champion?

Over 10,000 boys enter for the Schoolboys' Cycling Championships every year in Victoria, Australia. France and Italy hold similar races for boys. The Kentish Wheelers are trying hard to make schoolboy racing popular in Britain

IS Alan Else a future World Champion? Will he win the famous *Tour de France* one day? Could this 1959 Schoolboy Champion be a gold medallist at the 1962 Commonwealth Games at Perth, Australia, or the 1964 Olympics, probably to be held at Tokyo? He has already won a Championship jersey—red, with "Schoolboy Champion 1959" embroidered on it—and a trophy given by the *Tour de France* Committee.

The Final of the 1959 Schoolboy Championship was held at Crystal Palace in May last. It was organized by the **Kentish Wheelers**, a club that has done a very great deal for enthusiastic schoolboy cyclists. An experiment was made in 1958, when several South London schools were invited to enter teams. The response was poor, possibly because the schools did not wish to become involved in activities out of school hours. Then other methods of publicity were used, and before long 103 entries were received for the schoolboy races.

In 1959 400 boys competed for the Championship title. Preliminary heats were held locally and at Crystal Palace early in May. These were run as massed start events over closed circuits. The distance was approximately five miles. Then came the final, and thirty-eight riders battled for positions in the 10-mile race for the Championship title. There were no exciting breakaways, but there was plenty of jockeying for leadership. It was in the last lap that Alan Else made his "break", a short one of two lengths, which he held right to the line. The Schoolboy Championship may well be a National event in 1960. The Kentish Wheelers are planning to make it so. The 1959 Championship was open to schoolboys of fourteen and fifteen years in London and the Home Counties.

Schoolboy cycle races are not new. You can be sure that as soon as bicycles small enough for schoolboys to ride were available

boys were racing on them! At one time there were races for the under-fourteens at numerous country shows. Albert White, who gained fifteen National Titles between 1913 and 1926, won his first race at the age of twelve on such an occasion—in 1902 at a Flower Show at Elsham, near Brigg in Lincolnshire!

Catford Cycling Club organized a series of boys' races in 1907. The "Local Schools Relays" were among the favourite events, and attracted many proud parents and school parties to shout for their respective schools. School cycling clubs were thriving in the 1930s where teachers keen on cycling were willing to devote some spare time to looking after their pupils. In 1935 the Romford Intermediate Council School Cycling Club had club runs of up to 40 miles, and during the year the distances were increased until they were alternating 100-mile with 70-mile runs. The club champion, then fourteen years of age, won a 25-mile race with a time of 1 hour 7 mins. 47 secs. using a 72-inch gear. This was fast enough to have put him among the top-class riders of the day. The fastest time for a 25 that year was 1 hour 1 min. 28 secs., set up by none other than R. Dougherty, who, in 1939, became the first cyclist to ride a 25-mile time trial inside the hour.

Parents Chose the Wrong Bikes!

About 1928 schoolboys were exchanging views on school cycling clubs in the cycling press, and one of their chief complaints was that *parents* chose machines for their sons, and all too often chose the wrong type. Large-framed, heavily-built monsters on which the rider sat bolt upright, plumb over the bottom bracket, were looked upon by non-cyclists as superb mounts for boys. No wonder the boys complained!

Enemy bombs did a great deal of damage in

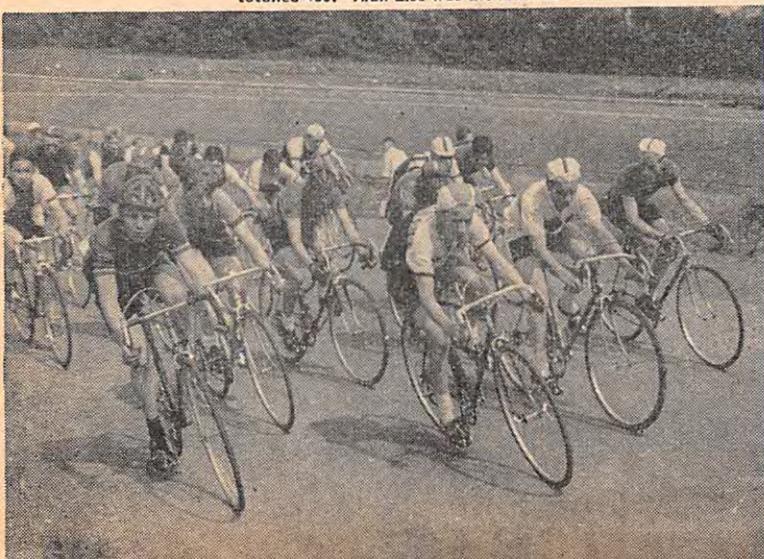
Britain during the Second World War; but boys were not long in making the best of a bad job. Some of the bomb-sites were raked over and used for speedway racing on bicycles. This was a new sport. It was not connected in any way with other cycling organizations; yet by 1952 there were estimated to be more than 30,000 youths taking part in the game.

A type of machine with long handlebars and an angle in the top tube to allow for a low saddle position was designed. The regulation clothing is similar to that worn by motorcycle speedway riders. The races are run as team events, eight riders to a team, and two competing in each heat. Each heat lasts only two or three minutes, and points are awarded for places. Cycle Speedway racing is no longer confined to Britain, nor to bomb-sites. The first World Championship had its finals staged at Hilversum, Holland, in 1958, and National teams now visit various countries. The races are never fast, at least not by comparison with other cycle races. It is the manœuvring and broad-siding on the corners that create the thrills. (Readers who wish to know more about this sport should write to the Secretary of the National Amateur Cycle Speedway Association at 17 Borrowdale Road, Millbrook, Southampton.)

Police Support in Australia

The incentive that brought about the Schoolboy Championships was a report of the tremendous success of similar events in **Australia**. "Down-under" schoolboy cycle races were being held before the war, and they were soon revived when peace came. Cycle racing in Australia has the same kind of popularity that it holds in Italy and France:

There's any amount of enthusiasm for schoolboy racing in Britain, as this photo shows. In 1959 entries for the 10-mile British Championship at the Crystal Palace totalled 400. Alan Else was the ultimate winner



something that attracts the public *en masse* in the same way that football does in England.

The Schoolboy Championships of Victoria, Australia, attract annually a colossal entry of over 10,000. These have to be thinned down by local events throughout the State until there are some twenty finalists. Both the police and the education authorities support the championships, and many star riders take an active interest by advising and helping the young riders. The rules for these races are devised so that experience and finance do not weigh too much in any one boy's favour. For instance, only unattached boys can enter because it is felt that those who are members of cycling clubs would have an unfair advantage. Sprint wheels are not permitted because many boys would be unable to afford such luxuries.

In **Italy** even the eight-year-olds have their miniature racing bicycles, and have short races for small prizes! These are often held in what we would call a "round the houses" track; but no one seems to mind. It is the way they are brought up, and some youngsters already have the marks of Coppi in their appearance and style of riding. **France**, too, has her young cycle racing enthusiasts. If you have not already read *The Big Loop* by Claire Huchet Bishop (Dent, 12s. 6d.) do buy or borrow a copy. It is the story of schoolboys whose idol is Louison Bobet, three times winner of the *Tour de France*, the story of schoolboys fired with the ambition to ride in that great race. You will learn how hard boys work and train in order to achieve their aim, how they learn to meet misfortunes, and how André Girard eventually wins the *Tour* with the aid of his friends. I like this book, and I like the drawings. It is well worth reading.

An idea that has done much to encourage schoolboy cyclists in France was started a few years ago by the French magazine, *L'Equipe*. It is a tour for beginners, bicycles being loaned to those who need them. The tours are often led by well-known riders, and they begin by making sure each cyclist has a good riding position. It is not a race; but there is a "sag wagon" to pick up anyone who fails to keep up with the bunch.

Ronald English

"Camera One"

WATCH out for that one!" Charles Illeneb spoke quietly but sharply. The lion turned and looked at me. I stepped back. Charles Illeneb is the wild animal trainer with Billy Smart's Circus. I am a television producer with the B.B.C. At that moment lions were the business of both of us.

We were standing in the Big Top near the bars of the performing cage. The circus had already given two shows that day, and now the seating in the immense tent was empty. It was about 11 p.m. The blue canvas stirred in the gloom above. Only the working lights were on, and they swung gently, illuminating our little groups below. We were all tired.

The lions and us were trying to work out a stunt for B.B.C. Television. The young man Derrico standing by the ring fence with his father and grandfather—three generations of circus—was going to walk-the-wire across the open top of the lions' cage. While he was making his way across, the trainer Illeneb would be inside the cage holding the great beasts, rampant on their pedestals, forming a pyramid. The top lion would be only about three feet below the wire!

Ronnie Smart, who manages the circus, although used to daring stunts, seemed anxious. I was worried. In our minds was the same thought: the wire-walker had never done this before, and there was no guarantee that the beasts

The Big Top goes up! This is Billy Smart's Circus—monster, a huge and vivid landmark in blue and scarlet

would appreciate his presence close overhead. Three feet is an easy spring for a full-grown lion.

Illeneb picked up his frail whip. "Well, let's get on with it. I want to get to bed some time." I nodded, turned to Ronnie Smart, stuck a thumb in the air.

"Let's have some lights," Ronnie called. "The colours, and then the spots."

The ring was bathed instantly in red light. I walked over to Derrico. He smiled, but beads of perspiration formed a little moustache above his mouth. Slipping off his coat, he walked over to the king-pole and began to climb. I turned to his father and asked: "Where's your wife?"

"She couldn't stand this," he said. "She's gone back to the caravan." Not for an instant did he take his anxious eyes from the climbing figure.

I called across to the band-leader: "Bernie—on the night, hold the music till the spots come on." Bernard Weller, experienced circus musician, scribbled a note on a corner of his score. Illeneb walked into the cage, waited, and cued the lions. They all moved together, very quickly, up into their pyramid.

"Spots!" I called. Four fingers of light reached for Derrico, poised on his tiny platform above. He straightened, stepped on to the slender wire. There was a deep stillness; the very canvas of the great tent seemed to hold its breath and

Derek Burrell-Davis (left) directs Brian Johnston as he drives OVER "The Amazing Briton". Billy Smart wears a ten-gallon hat



Follow the Lions"

How would you like to be a Television Producer in "Outside Broadcasts"? Here's your chance to learn the job with expert DEREK BURRELL-DAVIS as guide. The setting is Billy Smart's Circus

stop its stirring. One of the lions growled softly. Then I heard the click as Mary, my assistant, started her stop-watch. The script allowed just three minutes for Derrico's ordeal. . . .

Sound and Picture Jig-Saw

The events leading up to this dramatic moment in the Big Top had started some three months earlier, when I was told that I must produce and direct the show. Producing and directing are really two quite different jobs, but in live television one person usually does both. Producing is mainly a question of organization—preparing and arranging a programme. This can mean choosing the subject, employing writers, musicians and performers, and in every way seeing that the money you have been allowed is spent to the very best advantage.

Directing is the actual task of taking everything that has been "produced" and turning it into a well-presented television programme. A director works out with his performers what they will do, and how, and precisely when, they will do it. He also controls the way that the microphones and cameras are to be used so that the performers are heard and seen to the best advantage.

During rehearsals and actual "shooting" the *Karen and Ria, two pretty Swedish teen-age girls, practise their act on a pivoted ladder*

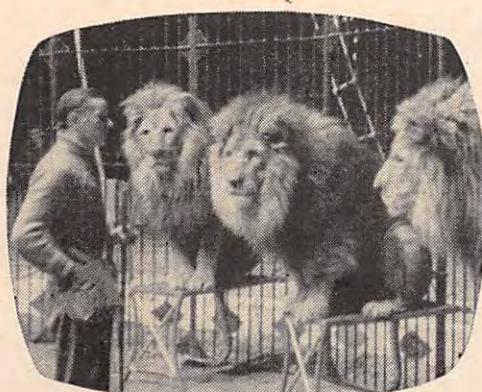
director must assume complete command over both artistes and technicians. He becomes a "middle-man", using his technique, experience, and whatever creative powers he may have, to co-ordinate the talents and skill of perhaps a hundred or more people. Sounds and pictures pour into him like pieces of a spilled jig-saw puzzle: he immediately, and continuously, arranges the pieces so that the viewer at home only receives the finished product—the complete picture. Sometimes he puts a piece in the wrong place, sometimes a piece is missing. Then the viewers let him know about it!

The difference between a producer and a director is never easy to explain because it varies with assignments and often overlaps. If you are interested in television you should, I feel, know something of what these "two and the same man" are trying to do. The easiest way for me to explain is to let YOU do the work.

Come into my very ordinary, and far from glamorous, office in the centre of London and take the swivel chair behind my desk. The attractive dark girl typing by the window is not a typist in the ordinary sense nor a secretary, she's my assistant—*your* assistant now. Mary will do all

(Please turn overleaf)

Charles Illeneb, in practice costume, knows how to get on friendly terms with his handsome lions. Note the Tit-Bit Bag!



your secretarial work, but her real value—the worry she will spare you, her amazing capacity for being in six places at once and for reading your mind—can only be found out by working with her.

Just before you take over my job, let me give you a tip: this "working with people" is important. Many individuals are going to put their skill and talent at your disposal. You will find life is happier if you think of them as working *with* you, rather than for you. When you're very busy and worried, at times you may forget this. They may forgive you!

Let's Meet the Smart's

Now take a look around the office. Is everything to your liking? You can take that photograph down from the wall if you insist, but it's not just a pin-up. A trapeze artiste in practice costume, a wonderful performer. I keep it there in her memory. She fell from seventy feet while touring Spain last year. Before the accident, she had agreed to appear in this forthcoming circus programme. But this is *your* show, and your problem now.

Let's find out how long you've got, until your deadline. Mary will pass you the schedules. Here you are, on the third page. First quarter of the year—your initials here—subject: Smart's Circus—location: Cardiff—technical unit: Welsh Regional—duration: 30 minutes—date: March 25th—transmission time: 8.15 p.m. That's your deadline, all neatly underlined in red. You have nearly three months, and then, on that exact day, at that precise, predetermined minute, you will go on the air with a programme which at this moment does not exist except as an intention in the minds of the B.B.C. planners.

The first thing to do is to meet the Smarts. You'll find that brothers Ronnie, David, and Billy Junior will all help you, but Ronnie manages the circus and is your main contact. Mary knows

Derek Burrell-Davis talks over a technical problem with the Ringmaster, Harden Jansson. The clowns are Sasho Coco (left) and Frank Harty



what you're thinking. She knows how you love to get out of the office, that you want to phone Ronnie, leap into the car, drive to Smarts' winter quarters near Windsor, and stride about there, full of ambitious ideas for the programme. Before she puts through the call she insists that you inspect and sign a pile of letters and forms, and dictate six urgent memoranda in connection with other, more immediate shows. She indicates in your diary a lunch appointment with commentator Peter West. She places the typed proof of a thirty-page script where you can't ignore it, puts the opened and sorted morning mail alongside, tell you that Peter Dimmock, Head of Outside Broadcasts, wants to see you in thirty minutes, and before you have time to protest gives you a cup of strong coffee. You need it!

Two weeks elapse before you get down to the circus winter quarters. Between now and March 25 you must supervise the production of four or five other programmes, each of which is now in a different stage of preparation, each of which has its own problems. Each of these is another story.

Even now, as at last you drive towards Windsor with Mary, your thoughts are still occupied by last-minute details of your outside broadcast from a church in the country next Sunday. When you come to a stop by Ronnie's huge caravan, and you see the long lines of waggons, hear the shrill trumpeting of an elephant and the clatter of the big feed bins in the cobbled stables your mind has room for no other thoughts than circus.

Before you start discussing the projected programme, you must tour the winter quarters and meet your friends. First, Billy Smart himself, in a ten-gallon hat, after fifty years as a showman still very much "the Guy'nor", but content now to be the power behind his very capable sons. His wife, "Doll", is "Mother" to the circus; she deals with everyone's troubles, and serves tea to all. When you've completed your grand tour, you've passed the time of day with 3 sons, 5 daughters, 5 sons-in-law, 23 grandchildren, numerous trainers, grooms, clowns, beast-boys, drivers and tent-men, 200 horses, 12 polar bears, 10 camels, 15 elephants, 2 llamas, 6 zebras, a vanload of monkeys, 6 sea-lions, and Charles Illeneb's 8 African lions.

Finding a New Angle

At length you agree that Ronnie will provide half of the acts from the artistes who will be travelling with the circus, and the other half will be guest performers to be supplied by you. You are both determined to get something new and different into this programme. You think the lions would make a good start, but such acts have been seen on television often before and so you must find "a new angle" to heighten tension. You hit on the idea of combining two acts—the

lions and a wire-walker performing above them. Can you find a wire-walker willing to try this? Will he be available on March 25?

You agree that you must follow this spectacular opening with an aerial act, high above the ring, so as to give time for the performing cage to be dismantled out of view of the cameras. You don't know yet what this act will be; this, too, must be found. After the thrill-makers you must have comedy. A guest artiste? Ronnie suggests a certain French musical clown. After that, more animals—probably the Smarts' big, black Friesian horses—and for a big, fast finish the superb foot-juggling and springboard acrobatics of the Six Biros from Hungary. Ronnie likes your idea of inviting comedian and circus fan John Pertwee as a special "TV ringmaster". Now you've got your half-hour—but only in theory.

The weeks roll by. You are occupied with other transmissions. The French musical clown Ronnie suggested has gone to work in America, so you must think again about that comedy spot. You start preparing an ice show to be broadcast a week or two after the circus. Then young Billy phones to invite you down to see the new baby-elephants he has just trained, before they go off to perform for a year in Copenhagen. So you take the road to Windsor again; you like Billy's babies so much that you persuade big brother Ronnie to postpone the Copenhagen trip so that they can appear in your broadcast! This means you must drop out the Friesian horses.

Ronnie reports no progress with his search for an aerial act; you still have not filled the comedy spot. *Four weeks to deadline.* A rush job comes in. Can the O.B. department cover a West Indian carnival from St. Pancras Town Hall in seven days' time? This, says the chief, is "your type of programme", so you get it! You must shelve the circus and hurry off to confer with Edric Connor, the talented West Indian actor and singer who is to present the carnival.

Eight days later, with the calypso beat still throbbing in your head, you talk with Ronnie again and are delighted to learn that he's found a wire-walker willing to try the stunt with the lions. His name is Derrico—"not French, or Italian", Ronnie says with pride, "but English, from Yorkshire, in fact". You then work out the details. After three hours with quiet, resourceful Illeneb, you have it settled. He has agreed to let you cut a hole in the side of the big cage into which the front of one of your cameras can be fitted, thereby obtaining shots uninterrupted by bars and giving viewers the feeling of being actually inside the cage with the lions! This camera will also be able to lift its lens and provide pictures of Derrico up on the wire and the lions close underneath, in the same shot.

Despite his co-operation, you cannot help feeling that Charles Illeneb regards your enthusiasm with some slight reserve: he, not you,



Derek Burrell-Davis took this photo himself of his idea in operation. Derrico walks over the Lions' Den on a wire; the lions are only three feet below!

will be inside that cage. Barely three years ago he was almost killed by those same lions. Mary phones from the office. Ravel, a brilliant comedian in mime who plays innumerable musical instruments, has just returned from India and is available for March 25. You tell her to book him. The comedy spot is filled, but the aerial act is still in doubt. *Three weeks to go.*

Music Helps to Build Suspense

In the days that follow, you must ward off all intrusions and distractions. Your mind is full of circus; you find you are anxious. As you see it, you have certain responsibilities—to the viewer, who expects a good show from Smart's; to Smart's, who, with circus as their livelihood, cannot afford a badly-presented programme to affect their reputation with an audience of millions. You have responsibilities, too, towards the performers, who have spent years developing talents and skill, and who trust you to present them to the country with all *your* skill.

In particular, your camera coverage of Derrico the wire-walker must show, plainly, the true danger of his feat. Shooting from the wrong angle could make it look easy, and then he would be taking a grim chance for nothing. For his act, specially-written "atmospheric" music could help to build suspense. You call in a musical arranger and describe the act to him, move by move. Then you catch a train for Cardiff, to meet the chief technicians from the Welsh Regional unit.

(Please turn overleaf)

The hub of the unit is the mobile control room, which you call the "M.C.R." This large, sober green van contains the complex equipment necessary for the operation of three cameras and a dozen or more microphones. You must tell the key engineers where you want the cameras and microphones placed for this show. You must deploy them around the Big Top, but the huge tent is still packed away at the Windsor winter quarters! Three days before the broadcast it will rise high above the budding trees on the site in Sophia Gardens near ancient Cardiff Castle, surrounded by its attendant caravans, stable tents, power generators, and box offices. Now, you can only stand on the bare, open ground which the mighty spread of canvas will cover, and measure out the forty-two feet circumference of the ring. Here will be the band, there the high camera. Between this point and that, Derrico will walk. Where that small dog now frolics on the grass, the lions will tread.

In the windswept parkland you picture and describe the elaborate scene to be created, and the skilled engineers nod their understanding and note what cable, lights, and electronic miracles they must furnish to turn the visions of your imagination into reality at the flick of a switch in a million homes at 8.15 p.m. on March 25.

In your London office, Mary listens to your facts, figures, and proposals, then edits them into the typed clarity of "programme requirements". From this comprehensive list of

what is needed, the engineers at Cardiff will take action involving the city's Borough Surveyor, the Post Office technicians who will supply the cable link to the Cardiff television centre for nation-wide transmission, and the circus electricians who must supply the power for the lights. This is an all-important document. There must be no mistakes, and no omissions.

The *Radio Times* now carries the announcement of the programme. You are completely committed. No matter what may go wrong now, you must keep faith with the public. So you sit and think: "What could go wrong, what haven't I done?" The contracts have been sent out, signed, and returned. The music is coming through and the musicians have been booked. The script is not written yet, but it is taking shape in your mind. The camera hole in the lions' cage has been cut—Camera Two will look *through* it; Camera One, on a crane mounting, will look *over* the bars, then go higher to shoot downwards on the aerial act.

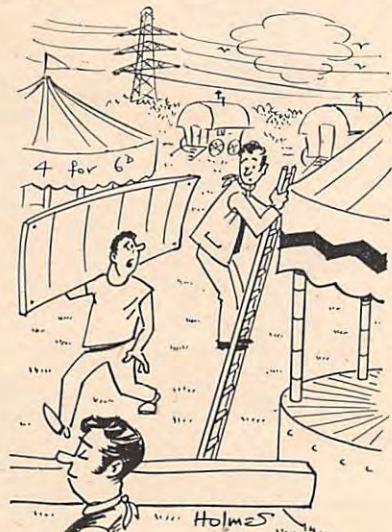
The aerial act! You still haven't got an aerial act!

You grab the phone and after an hour run Ronnie Smart to earth in London, ordering costumes for usherettes! He puts your mind at rest—Karen and Ria, two pretty Swedish teen-agers whose work on a pivoted ladder you have seen and admired, are ready to sign.

Drum-Beats are Effective

You turn back now to the script. You make notes for your commentator, Geoffrey Wheeler, leaving it to him to "put things into his own words" most of the time, once he has seen the rehearsals. You work out sequences of shots—close and wide shots, shots on the move, high angle shots, low angle shots, shots going in and coming out—and begin to form a pattern of interpretation. While you concentrate on this difficult task you will see no one. Mary protects you from callers and the telephone. Your brain aches, trying to reconcile your free-flying, enthusiastic imagination with the plodding limitations of what is practical and what it is fair to demand of your hard-working equipment and technicians.

Act follows act, problem after problem—here spotlights, now swelling music . . . now *dim* the lights, now *fade* the music. *No!*—*cut*, not "fade" the music! The lions very probably will look up at the man on the wire. Then just a drum-beat would be more effective! Three days later, the script is complete, cleaned and duplicated. Copies are rushed to Jon Pertwee, Geoffrey Wheeler, your camera crew, Ronnie and his artistes, the musical director, and to B.B.C staff announcer Alex Mackintosh



"And this time please don't dismantle
any more pylons!"

(Please turn overleaf)

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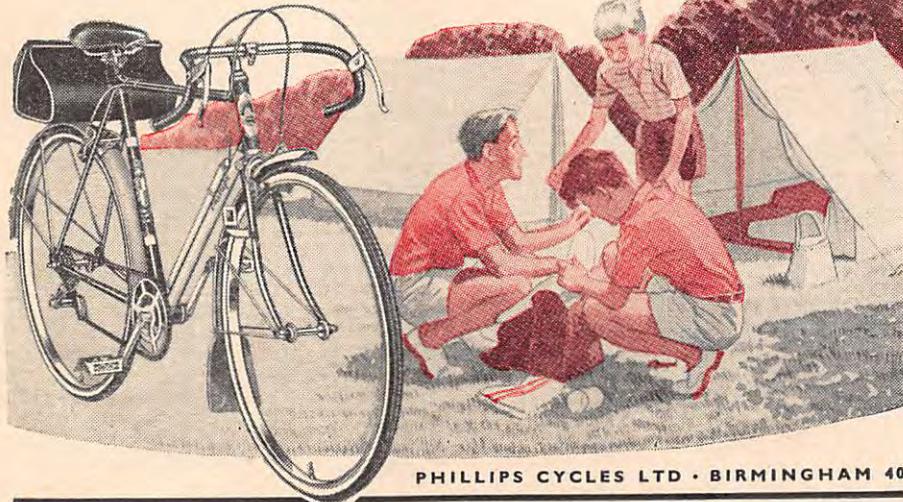
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who will introduce your programme from the Presentation Studio at Lime Grove Studios. Mary closes down the office. To-morrow you move your workplace to Cardiff.

In Sophia Gardens the Big Top is up, the vast blue and scarlet hub of a bustling township on wheels. Among sleek, modern caravans, the olive green television vans move ponderously, but purposefully, over the rutted grass. The rigging of cables for lights, cameras, and microphones will begin right on schedule. Ronnie Smart is busy and cheerful. You go over the day's plan of action. This is the first of your three rehearsal days—days on which the circus must continue to give shows to the public. The television riggers can work in the Big Top except during the two daily performances. To-night, after the second "house", the big lions' cage will be put up for Derrico to test his wire, first over the empty cage, then with the animals prowling, snarling below.

You find yourself with a few moments to spare. It is mid-morning. Drawn by the majesty of the Big Top you walk alone into the yawning interior. Sunlight diffuses softly on the empty ring: the sawdust is smooth, without footprint, and the receding, rising circles of vacant seats are quiet. You sit and think. You've spent the programme budget with care. As producer you can do no more. Now, as director, you face a different task.

The quiet ring down there is your canvas. There the performers, men and women of many nationalities at this moment resting in caravan or hotel room, will bring the colour of their talents and skills to be blended at your discretion with music, and with light. Artistry will be expressed in movement, yours to command. The daring, the humour, the sights, and sounds of circus will be lost unless the magic eyes and ears of television can catch, capture, and convey them in the instant of their passing.

Eight loudspeakers, high in the tent's roof, crackle and blast through your daydream, booming your name. There will be no more quiet moments until after the show! Now the hours flash by. You rehearse item by item, link the items, add the music. The show begins to run. Three cameras follow the action, isolated shots fall into sequence. Pieces of the jig-saw are growing larger. With stop-watch, anxiety, tact, temper, by here giving, there taking, but mostly by grateful acceptance of the skill and spirit of those whose work you must for this short time control, the ancient art of circus, and the techniques of modern television, are blended.

Spots on the Band!

Now the last rehearsal is done, the waiting period is mercifully almost over. The Big Top audience—4000 Cardiff folk—are filing in. Five minutes to go. Jon Pertwee sticks his woolly head into the control van, winks and smiles "Good luck." 8.10 p.m. You take your eyes from the clock to the three monitor screens in front of you—one for each camera—and the shirt-sleeved, seated technicians who, by delicate adjustments, will maintain the balance and quality of the various pictures you send out. On your left the sound mixer makes a final check, fading up each of the twelve microphones in turn. Broken chunks of sound fall from the speaker—the band tuning up, a child laughing, the chill cough of a lion.

Mary, on your right, clips the telephone receiver back into the control panel. She has been talking to Presentation, at Lime Grove in London. "Previous programme running dead on time," she reports. "They'll be switching to us at eight-fifteen and twenty seconds." You know that this twenty seconds will be taken up by announcer Macintosh's introduction. You settle the telephone-operator's-type headset over your ears, speak into the attached microphone.

"Cameras! Check opening shots, please!"

8.12 p.m. The audience murmur fills your ears; they're still pouring into the Big Top. You call up your chief assistant inside the tent: "Peter, stop the audience coming in—

(Please turn to page 59)



"When you feel disgusted with the programme, just light the fuse and the set will blow up!"

The vultures swooped lower as
Nyumbo stood on three legs, defenceless
against many enemies of the veldt

THE DISABLED GNU

by C. T. Stoneham

Illustrated by David Pratt

NYUMBO, the white-bearded gnu, or wildebeest as he was called locally, was in serious trouble. An accident had happened to him beyond his understanding. He had been having a little difference with Nweli, the strongest bull in the herd—the sort of bicker that often occurred but nothing to cause bad feeling.

Then another must needs interfere. Kijana, a foolish young upstart, saw an opportunity to humble his senior. He charged Nyumbo from the flank, thrusting his head in low and lifting powerfully. Nyumbo went rolling over and over. Normally he would have jumped to his feet in wrath and chased the aggressor over the veldt; but to his dismay he could not rise. His horns were short and curved; Kijana had pushed his right foreleg over one horn and it was securely wedged in the loop. When Nyumbo at last managed to gain his feet he stood on three legs with the other resting in the crook of the horn, the hoof stuck out in front of his nose.

He presented a peculiar spectacle and his late opponents promptly recoiled from him. In a few minutes they went back to the herd, leaving their comrade to extricate himself from his predicament as best he could. But kick and roll and struggle as he might, the imprisoned leg remained cocked up in the crook of the horn and would not come loose.

He discovered that he could move along by holding his horn near the ground and hobbling on three legs, but his progress was very slow and he could not see where he was going. The herd had wandered off about their affairs; he was alone on the veldt, bare and helpless in the midday sun. The terrifying realization of his helplessness made him sweat and shiver. When

(Please turn to page 62)

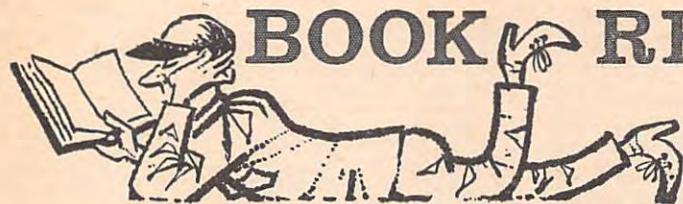
Poised so awkwardly Nyumbo had no balance. He staggered wildly over the brink of the chasm





Laugh with B.O.P!





BOOK REVIEWS

by Alan C. Jenkins

Solar Energy by Franklyn M. Branley (Edmund Ward, 10s. 6d.). Power is always an exciting subject; and a vital one, too, for it is on our ability to discover and harness new sources of power that our future so much depends. The sun might well be the answer to many of our problems, for it harbours vast resources of energy. "If we took all the world's reserves of coal, oil, and gas, and burned them at a rate fast enough to give us the same amount of heat we are accustomed to receiving from the sun, the supply would be entirely gone in less than three days." One surprising aspect of this otherwise interesting book is that it says nothing of the immense work being done by the Russians in the field of solar energy. Already they are planning to install a solar power station consisting of five acres of mirrors which will generate two and a half million kilowatt hours of electricity annually.

Henry Purcell and his Times by Elfrida Vipont (Lutterworth, 9s. 6d.). How nice to find a composer, and an English one at that, the hero of a "famous life-story". Purcell flourished in the days of the Restoration and, as Professor Harvey Grace once wrote, "he was the greatest natural genius that the country has produced, and one of the greatest of any country or period". Yet, he lived only thirty-six years and his first job brought him in the munificent sum of £2 per annum. Nevertheless, he was a man whose life is well worth studying, for England's history does not consist merely of 1666 and all that.

A Boat of Our Own by Anna West (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). This is a seasonable little book and for anyone going on a sailing or fishing holiday it is full of tips and information. The author sails her own boat in the tricky waters of the Channel Islands and knows all the answers, from lobster-potting to ormering, that typical Guernsey occupation. But if you go ormering, keep your eye on the tide.

Dropped from the Clouds and **The Secret of the Island** by Jules Verne (Hanison, 12s. 6d. each). Well-presented reprints of one of B.O.P.'s former contributors. Escaping by balloon from the siege of Richmond during the American Civil War, nearly a century ago, Captain Harding and his four companions make a crash landing on a deserted island. Their subsequent adventures might well form the basis of a survival handbook. Not only did they manage to grow their own wheat but they successfully rounded up many of the wild animals of the island. Verne at his most zestful.

Police by John Coatman (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.). "The maintenance of domestic law and order is the corner-stone of the structure of a country's internal administration." That paragraph is the corner-stone, too, of this excellent book, which is very good value for money. Concise, compact, and commendable, it is the

best short survey of the subject I have read. Sixth-formers will find it valuable for civics or history studies.

Famous River Craft of the World by F. E. Dean (Muller, 9s. 6d.). The motor car has become streamlined, the piston-engine has given way to the jet, the diesel is replacing the steam engine. Alone among other types of transport, the river steamer retains a delightful old-fashioned air about it. Some forms of river transport, however, have kept pace with the times. Nothing, for instance, could be more up to date than the London firefloat *Massey Shaw* with its two 8-cylinder Gleniffer diesel engines and its Merryweather turbine fire pumps which supply water at a pressure of 250 lb. per square inch.

Table Tennis: a new approach by Ken Stanley (Nicholas Kaye, 10s. 6d.). Do you want to become a champion table tennis player? If so, you need: (1) perfect physical fitness; (2) fighting spirit; (3) concentration; (4) patience. That's the recipe, according to the author, who should know. He's achieved practically everything possible in the game, including the writing of this able and instructive handbook.

The Singing Cave by Eilis Dillon (Faber, 12s. 6d.). It was the strange singing of the wind deep down in the cliff that led Patsy Cooney and his grandpa to find the skeleton of a Viking warrior, horned helmet and all, propped against a moulderling boat. Alongside him was a marvellous carved chequerboard game, with exquisitely wrought wolves' heads as counters. But when the Cooneys returned to the cave the warrior and his wolves had vanished. A refreshingly original plot with the tang of Connemara about it, but it might have come through more strongly if it hadn't been told in the first person. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy.

Cabalva Farm by R. R. Stephens (Blackie, 6s.). Throughout the Civil War, John Thorne had managed to keep clear of Cavalier and Roundhead politics, but after the Battle of Naseby he was rash enough to give shelter to his Royalist cousin, Tom Spens. All might have been well but for the malice of Silas Goldinge, John's half-brother. Jealous that Cabalva hadn't been left to him, he used his knowledge of the fugitive's whereabouts to blackmail the farm's rightful owner into signing it over to him. Time somebody depicted a decent Roundhead for a change.

Rangatira by Norman B. Tindale and H. A. Lindsay (Harrap, 10s. 6d.). Right from the start Kura the High-born had an interest in the coming of Rehua the stranger. It was a momentous arrival, for it led to a complete upheaval in the life of the Polynesian islanders who were Kura's people. Badly in need of new land, they listened to Rehua's advice. Under his directions they

(Please turn overleaf)

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built a special canoe, manned it with specially selected people, including boys and girls, and set out across the ocean for New Zealand, where they settled—ancestors of the Maoris. An intensely interesting story, handsomely presented.

Tahiti-Nui by Eric de Bisschop (Collins, 21s.). The sub-title explains it all: "by raft from Tahiti to Chile". Note the direction. The French adventurer-author thought the Kon-tiki chaps had got it all wrong. They went the easy way, driven by prevailing currents. De Bisschop could "see no point in such voyages, except to demonstrate the obvious and prove again what has been known since the world began—that a raft can float, can sail with the wind, and can drift along with the current".

He certainly went to a great deal of trouble to prove his own theory. With a crew of four, he spent six months rafting across the Pacific and it was not surprising to find that at least one of them was thinking of jumping overboard before the end of the voyage. They certainly had guts, but I still prefer Kon-Tiki.

Tackle Riding this Way by Lt.-Col. C. E. G. Hope (Stanley Paul, 10s. 6d.). For many years riding was looked upon as a girl's province. Nowadays more and more boys are coming to realize what a magnificent sport it is. Pony-trekking has become popular, while an hour's ordinary hacking is no more expensive than a seat at the theatre. Editor of the magazine *Pony*, the author is well equipped to act as an instructor and this handbook is crammed with working information.

The Sea Broke Through by Ardo Flakkeberg (University of London, 12s. 6d.). The Dutch must always keep a wary eye on the sea. Like a prowling beast it skulks along the sand dunes and the dykes, seeking a way in. One night six years ago it struck. It clawed sleeping folk from their beds, seized cattle in the shippons, roared through the dykes and across the defenceless land. More than a thousand people were drowned in that one terrible night. Here is the story of it all, seen through the eyes of Dutch boys who helped in the rescue work. Translated, not always smoothly, by K. E. Bendien; well illustrated by Piet Klaasse.

The Isle of Dogs by Rosemary Anne Sisson (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.). Young readers will be amused by this unusual story of the strange reception Charles and Susan experienced when their plane, homeward bound from Singapore, crashed in the sea and they floated by rubber dinghy to a nearby island. To their astonishment they found that it was inhabited by dogs, of all shapes and sizes and breeds. Fortunately the children were able to communicate with David and Jonathan, two particularly helpful Dachshunds, and it was only right that when rescue eventually came they should take their new-found canine friends home with them.

Corrigan and the Dream Makers by R. B. Maddock (Nelson, 4s. 6d.). Fast-moving action in the Malayan jungle against bandits who are also doing some extensive dope-peddling. Corrigan's stickiest moment comes when bandit-leader Cheng Fu threatens to blow him and his assistant, "Shrimp" Bradley, to kingdom come by chucking down a bottle of nitro-glycerine. But Corrigan, with the cool cunning for which he is renowned, bluffs the Chinese into believing the bottle is empty. No wonder Cheng Fu's feelings were hurt.

Boy's Own Companion, edited by Jack Cox (Lutterworth Press, 10s. 6d.). Everybody likes to make a bargain. It's human nature. Well, here's your chance to do so. In fact, bargain is an understatement, for it is astonishing to find how much meat is contained in this extremely low-priced book. Between its handsome covers there is ample material to provide you with fine reading for many a day.

Biggles luring a couple of bad-hats into a neat little trap, C. T. Stoneham yarning about the thrills of the African bush, expert Dr. Southern intriguing us with animal watching by night, Vivian Jenkins adapting the Scout motto to Rugby football. . . These are only a few of the truly impressive contents of this very generous collection. Space travel, natural history, athletics, indoor games, hobbies, mountain camping, every possible taste is catered for.

Jack Cox has edited *Boy's Own Paper* for thirteen years with great vigour and verve and has some excellent material to draw upon; he has also added new material. Apart from the fact that *Boy's Own Companion* is an outstanding example of value for money, it is also welcome because it is a revival of the famous B.O.P. Annual whose publication was interrupted by World War II. Many readers have expressed the hope that this would one day be restarted. Here is its successor and if you're beginning to think about Christmas presents for cousins or brothers (or even yourself!) you couldn't do better than invest in this. You certainly won't find such a marvellous half-guinea's worth anywhere else in the book world.

In view of his great interest in young people it seems highly appropriate that the frontispiece should be of the Duke of Edinburgh bowling in a cricket match. The caption describes it as "a friendly match", but it looks to me as if Prince Philip is putting down a really cunning leg-break to inspire the title of Godfrey Evans's article, "Stumpers can never relax". However, if stumpers can't, you can—with *Boy's Own Companion*!

It is the sort of book which can be read and re-read—and each time something new will be found in its exciting contents.

Alan C. Jenkins

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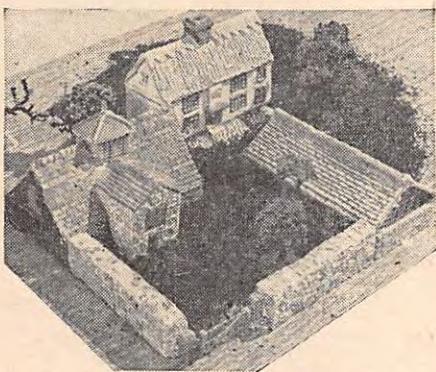
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nothing inside him except a light breakfast and some barley sugar, he was really ready for a substantial meal, but his intention was a light tea ashore and a solid evening meal on board a couple of hours before turning in. He sat in a deep chair alongside one of the long observation windows in the club lounge, and filled his pipe. Before he had the tobacco burning evenly the steward re-appeared and set a tray of tea on the table in front of the window. After Alan had found the location of the petrol station, the post office, and the general store, he mentioned his disappointing introduction to the river with the burly motorboat owner.

The steward looked sympathetic but did not seem surprised.

"Sounds like Nick Muller," he said. "Big, dark-bearded man, black boat?" He pointed up-river towards the moorings.

"Yes," Alan said.

"That's him," the steward confirmed. "Nasty bit of work, though maybe it's not for me to say so. Rude, crude, and tough, that's Muller. I thought he'd improved a bit since he'd cleared himself over the arson business; but a leopard can't change its spots." The steward reflected for a moment, and then: "I expect you heard about the mysterious fire that burnt out Mr. Shane's new boat? Or maybe it didn't get into your papers?"

"There was a paragraph or two about it, but it was soon lost in the printing dispute news," Alan said. "What happened exactly?"

THE steward glanced round the lounge and out of the windows, then leaned forward, supporting himself on a chair back.

"Well, maybe it's not my business to gossip," he began, "but since it's still on the tongue of most folk in Leeman's Point and you'll hear the whole story sooner or later, I may as well tell you now." He paused to straighten the collar of his white jacket. "Derek Shane and Nick Muller were partners in a little charter boat fishing business. They had a boat apiece and used to take clients out to fish in Cobber's Channel for Blue Shark. They didn't do so badly, but Muller wasn't satisfied. Whether he began to cheat the clients a bit or played some other crooked game no one can say, but Shane didn't like his methods. Wouldn't accept them. There were quarrels, so it was said; and finally, a scrap. No one knows for certain what happened except that Shane packed in, took his boat and moved over to Cobber's Island to start up on his own."

"Cobber's Island?" repeated Alan. "That's just a few miles off the coast, opposite here." He had seen the low-lying shape from the *Dolphin* that afternoon, and knew its position from the chart.

"Six miles to be exact, sir," the steward confirmed.

"If Muller was going to be such an unpleasant rival what made Shane start up so near?" Alan suddenly realized the reason. "The fishing's good in these parts, I suppose?"

"Perfect! The shark are plentiful in season and the best fishing grounds are closer to the island than they are to the mainland. There's a snug harbour at the western end and since Oldport has been developed and the rail link from London

JUNE COMPETITION CROSSWORD

The following submitted the first ten correct solutions examined at the B.O.P office on June 30, 1959. Each will receive a prize of £1: Richard Woods, 17 (Rushden, Northants); Victor Amy, 14 (St. Sampsons, Guernsey, C.I.); John Charlton, 16 (Blyth, Northumberland); Alan Randall, 13 (Rushden, Northants); Margaret Bull, 15 (New Malden, Surrey); Rowland Dicken, 15 (Tiverton, Devon); Alec Clark, 14 (Kilmarnock, Ayrshire); C. D. Collins, 16 (Cheam, Surrey); David Mead, 15 (Coventry, Warwickshire); Peter Blowers, 17 (Morden, Surrey).

Solution

Across: 7. Cornucopia. 8. Ajar. 10. Stores. 11. Stairs. 12. Lentil. 13. Caddie. 14. Remote. 16. Enough. 18. Cars. 19. Disdainful.

Down: 1. Tor. 2. Ink. 3. Scattered. 4. Operational. 5. Vassal. 6. Lass. 7. Cat and mouse. 9. Frying pan. 13. Creeds. 15. East. 17. Ant. 18. Cup.

and other parts has greatly improved it's easier for clients to get there than it is here. Shane meets them at Oldport and takes them across to the island, accommodating them in an old farmhouse he converted. With these advantages and Shane's friendly and helpful manner, it wasn't surprising that most of the old clients went back to him, and for the last two seasons he's been booked solid, and had a waiting list of new customers. When he bought his new boat less than a month ago it was common knowledge he'd invested every penny in her. She was a magnificent craft—fast, with roomy accommodation and all the latest equipment in her aft cockpit for fishing. She cost over three thousand pounds and when she was destroyed by fire a few nights after berthing in Cobber's harbour Shane hadn't got her fully covered by insurance." The man paused, a sympathetic gleam in his eye. "I don't know what the hitch was exactly, but it was Shane's own fault. It seems the Universal Marine Insurance are not legally bound to pay out, though negotiations are still going on." He spread his hands in a helpless gesture. "Of course it'll ruin Shane if the claim falls through."

Alan nodded thoughtfully.

"And that was what the fire-raiser intended?" he murmured.

"Shane and everyone else think so."

"Naturally Shane suspected Muller, but he had a good alibi."

"We all suspected Muller, including the police. But you could trust Muller to cover himself." A sardonic smile flickered over the steward's lips. "No one could raise a scrap of proof. It was planned perfectly—even to the sea mist."

"But if the police think that Muller did it, why can't they break his alibi?" Alan frowned.

(Please turn overleaf)

"It's the time factor," the steward explained. "Muller proved he was unable to cover the distance in the time."

"You mean going out to the island, committing the crime, and getting back here again?"

"That's it. And he had responsible witnesses to support it, and although they were reluctant to back him up, they had to agree with his evidence because it was the truth."

Alan felt himself drawn more and more into the intriguing puzzle of the affair. His previous brush with Muller made him realize that the man was quite capable of removing any obstacle that stood in his way. If it meant committing sabotage or arson to ruin his late partner, whom he obviously hated, then he had the spur of his own declining business to push him on. Obviously, he had cunning, too, or how else could he have devised a way of smashing his successful rival knowing he would be suspected, yet so certain that no part of it could be held against him?

Alan fingered the ash in the bowl of his pipe.

"What was the evidence? How did the time factor come into it?"

The steward hesitated, uncertain where or how to begin.

"Well, sir," he said at length. "It is officially recorded that Mr. Shane's boat was seen to be on fire a few minutes after midnight. Harry Fox, the coastguard, was on night duty and he saw Muller leave the river in his boat at 11.30 that night. Muller turned down along the coast and then the mist rolled in and he was lost from sight. But at 12.25 Fox saw him appear out of the mist and enter the river again."

"Where was he supposed to have been at that time of night?"

"Checking his bait lines." The steward paused reflectively. "You see, during the day we'd had a moderate gale. No one went out. But it dropped by the evening and a sea mist came up. Muller said he went out to check his lines. It was a fair enough reason because one or two of the local fishermen did the same. When next day we heard that Shane's boat had been destroyed by someone around midnight, Muller was suspected. There were inquiries. Shane must have told the police whom he suspected. They questioned Muller, but didn't get anywhere. Muller could prove that he couldn't get out to Cobber and back in the time. Naturally, he had Fox to confirm that he was out only fifty-five minutes! You see, the maximum speed of Muller's boat is twelve miles an hour."

Alan nodded. "What was the state of the tide?"

"Low water."



"The island is six miles away, and it would take him an hour if he only went straight there and back at slack water," Alan's eyes narrowed as he stared out of the window.

"Exactly," agreed the steward. "So you see, what case there was against him just collapsed."

"Did the police check his engine?"

"They made every check there was. Muller invited them to go ahead. They timed the speed of his boat over a measured distance. At full revs it made twelve miles an hour. So, there it was. . . . They were stumped." The steward turned as a member entered the lounge, and then politely excused himself, leaving Alan to finish his tea and draw at his pipe in silence.

It was a curious business. In spite of the evidence the steward and, according to him, everyone else in Leeman's Point was convinced that Muller had been responsible for the act of sabotage — yet if Muller had done it, how had he accomplished it in the time?

HALF an hour later Alan left the club, dropped the petrol can at the village garage, bought the methylated and groceries from the stores, and wandered the longest way back to the garage and the waterfront. There wasn't much to see in Leeman's Point except, so far as Alan was concerned, Muller's place. It was in a narrow road that ran between a line of derelict boarded cottages and a row of tattered waterfront sheds. Through the gaps in the sheds he could see some of the fisherman's moorings and in line with Muller's boat he found the man's place of business. A small grimy office window overlooked the narrow thoroughfare, and alongside the office door was the entrance to a long, low shed that extended into the mud beyond the tide line. Over the doorway in faded lettering was Muller's name.

It was getting dark by the time Alan boarded the *Dolphin* again. He lit the oil lamp in the cabin and stowed away his purchases, then spread the chart out on the folding table and sat down to study it. It covered the river mouth and part of the coast taking in Cobber's Island. He had gone over it before on the sail down to Leeman's Point, but in the light of the steward's story he learned nothing new from his careful scrutiny now. The distance, the tides flowing up and down the channel between the island and the mainland, the depth in the harbour at the western tip of the island — none of these things helped in the solution of the sinister operation he was sure Muller had undertaken.

Alan lay back, his head against the cushion, drawing at his pipe. The police had tested Muller's boat, but had they examined her? He sat up again, slowly. Why not take a look at her himself? The affair was not his business; but he could not resist a challenge, especially if it meant putting right a wrong. There would be a sense of achievement if he succeeded where the police had failed. It would be a pleasure, too, to cut a man like Muller down to size! If anything came of it it might even help his expected promotion! So why not?

He went up into the cockpit and stared over the stern to the dark shape of Muller's motor-boat riding to her mooring a hundred and fifty yards up-river. He considered

the swim. It would be cold but with the tide to help him each way, he could do it comfortably. It was high water soon after midnight. If he slipped over towards the end of the flood he'd be practically carried to the boat. Half an hour or so aboard would be sufficient and he could swim back to the *Dolphin* on the beginning of the ebb. At that time everyone in the village would be safely tucked up in bed.

To the sound of faint midnight chimes from the church clock Alan, complete with watertight torch attached to the belt lacing his swimming trunks, stepped down the short accommodation ladder and slipped quietly into the water. He swam effortlessly with the tide, steering himself towards his objective. In less than ten minutes his hands were groping alongside the hull as he guided himself to the stern. There he paused, glancing across the water at the dark, open-ended shed which hid Muller's little office. Nothing disturbed the shadows.

Alan gripped the rudder trunk, his feet feeling for the blade. Once he was on this he hauled himself quickly over the transom to the deck. He crawled across towards the cockpit, his hand scraping over an uneven patch in the deck. He paused, lying flat, and unlit his torch. Holding the glass just above the deck and shielding the light between his hand and the cockpit coaming, he switched on.

There was a round mark in the canvas so faint it would pass unnoticed to the casual eye. Although it had been painted over the minute edge had not been rubbed down and it was this Alan had felt as his hand had slid over it. He pressed the patch with his finger. It was quite hard; but neither wood nor canvas. About a foot further along the side deck and in line with it between the coaming and the toe rail was another, of roughly the same size. He switched off the torch and climbed over into the cockpit. Feeling the deck on the opposite side he found two similar patches parallel to the first pair.

He crouched down and fumbled for the locker lid

under the side deck. Inside was a long narrow roll of new canvas. It was the type used for decking. Alan realized that if Muller wanted to obliterate all trace of those circular patches he would need to re-canvass the decks. The prepared tool-tray and the tin of copper tacks under the canvas suggested that this was his intention.

Alan felt inside the locker, his fingers scraping the underside of the deck, seeking the hole he knew must be there, when the creak of rowlocks and splash of oars froze him rigid. He closed the locker quickly and peered over the coaming towards the shore.

A dinghy was pulling out from the sheds, heading in his direction. For a tense moment he watched the dark figure at the oars, and in that moment the man turned his head. The pale moon faintly lit the distant face and Alan knew for certain what until then he had only feared.

It was Muller.

(Concluded in October B.O.P.)

JAZZBEAT

THREE great jazz artists—Billie Holiday, Lester Young, and Sidney Bechet—have died this year. The first two had long dissipated their remarkable talents.

Bechet was a formidable to the end. His last record, *Concert in Brussels* (Pye) captures much of the flowing, arrogant majesty of his soprano sax playing.

In recent years he had recorded mostly with mediocre Continental musicians, but on this session he had the help of men like trumpeter Buck Clayton—prior to his British tour—trombonist Vic Dickenson and drummer Kansas Fields.

Bal Masque (Philips) has Duke Ellington and his orchestra trying to achieve the impossible with a dozen trite themes like "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf" and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Top track is "Lady in Red", featuring excellent Clark Terry, flugelhorn. But why on earth does Duke waste his time with these Tin Pan Alley sweepings?

There are records of *Porgy and Bess* everywhere.

Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald combine—none too happily—on two H.M.V. discs. Trumpeter Miles Davies uses the beautiful Gershwin themes as the starting-point for his esoteric improvisations on *Fontana*, and Lena Horne and Harry Belafonte duet somewhat boringly on R.C.A.

Best of the Bunch

Best of the bunch is some smooth-running piano works from the consistent Hank Jones on Capitol.

None of these, however, can compare with the original cast recording issued several years ago on Brunswick.

POP SPOT Rocker Clyde McPhatter takes it slow and easy over a boogie-woogie bass on *The Way I Walk* (London). Louis Prima and Keely Smith—one of the most successful husband and wife acts in the business—belt out a beat-ridden *Bei Mir Bist du Schon* (London). Sinatra is saddled with a kiddies' choir on *High Hope* (Capitol).

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

RESULTS OF THE "BUSH ARCHER" COMPETITION STORY

In April B.O.P. readers were invited to illustrate any incident from a story about wild boar hunting in Australia. Three readers reached a particularly high standard and each will receive a prize of £2. They are: 1st Peter Grey, 17 (South Croydon, Surrey); 2nd David Hibberd, 17 (Romford, Essex); 3rd Colin Townsley, 16 (Blackheath, London, S.E.3).

Consolation prizes of £1 go to: John Matthews, 13 (Worcester Park, Surrey); Christopher Trevethick, 13 (Louth, Lincs.); Richard Tovell, 14 (Rickmansworth, Herts.); Ian Brading, 11 (Northwood, Middx.).

Overseas readers are reminded that the closing date for their section of this Competition is October 30, 1959.

After a moment Ab said, "No, Ma, I think there's more of them than we can see. More back in the timber. I'd best go out and talk with 'em."

"You can't talk their talk, Ab."

"I'll make some kind of signs to 'em. Maybe if I take 'em a pig that'll notion 'em to go on away."

"I think you'd better stay inside."

But when the Indians began moving towards the cabin, working stealthily along the edge of the corn patch, she agreed that he should go out to them.

Ab stuck the dragoon in his waistband and stepped out of the door. And as he walked towards the stable, a cold and numbing fear was in him, squeezing his throat and stiffening his muscles. He had never been so scared before in all his life. But he must make a gesture of friendliness to the Indians, and hope that they would go on away.

The words of the trapper Myrick flashed across his mind—"You let a Blackfoot know you're scared of him and he'll lift your hair for sure. Act like you're braver'n him. He don't know what to make of that."

Ab looked towards the Indians, to let them know he was aware of their presence, and not afraid of them. There were at least a dozen of them, and now they were again standing in a group watching him. He got a grain sack from the stable and went to the pig pen and caught one of the young piglets by the hind leg and dropped it squealing into the sack. After a moment, it quietened. His fear

was a sickness all through him, but struggling not to show it, he swung the sack over his shoulder and started walking towards the Indians. They were still standing motionless in a group a few yards from the edge of the timber.

"And another thing," the trapper had said, "you got your best chance with a Blackfoot if you can pow-wow with him, git his mind off of killin' you. Make good medicine with him an' your chances are a lot better."

But Ab knew no way to make good medicine. He knew no tricks with which to puzzle the Indians. His only chance was to offer them the pig, which at most was a weak gesture, for they could take whatever they wanted around the place anyway. But the youth could only hope that a show of kindness in offering the pig would have its effect on the red-men. He doubted that it would. For all that he'd ever heard about the Blackfeet, kindness in their opinion was a sign of weakness.

HE walked on towards the group, the sack over his shoulder and saying in his mind, *Don't let them know you're afraid. Don't let them know it.*

Silence hung over the clearing, a bleak, threatening, ominous silence. There was a chill in the autumn air, but the morning sun was laying warmth over the land. The smell of pine was in the air, and high overhead a flight of geese was crossing the sky in a long V, headed south. Young Ab Heston was unaware of any of these things. He walked on, the skin of his body tight in anticipation of arrows from the bows of the Blackfeet.

Before he reached the group he learned that he had been right in thinking there were more of them back in the woods. For they began moving out now, twenty or more of them, walking towards the group. As Ab came up, they moved down silently, unhurriedly and formed a half-circle about him. The foul odour of dried sweat, unwashed bodies, wood smoke and rancid animal grease, which they used on their hair, assailed his nostrils.

He knew from their clothes and their unmatched moccasins that these were truly the dreaded Blackfeet. They were a raiding party, for their faces were smeared with red and yellow clay and they all carried weapons. Most had bows and arrows, a few had rusty old muskets, and all carried tomahawks.

There was one who wore several scalps at his belt that Ab took to be the leader. Ab stepped towards him and held out his peace offering.

A warrior reached out a huge brown hand and grabbed the sack. The pig inside began to squeal. The warrior took a quick backward step, swung the sack and brought it down hard on a stump. The pig stopped squealing.

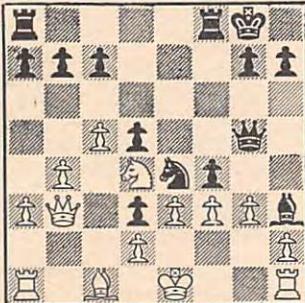
"Show fight when you're outnumbered," Myrick the trapper had said.

Ab whipped the dragoon out of his waistband, took a quick step to one side and levelled it at the nearest Indian. A brave on his right made a grab for the pistol. Ab raised the weapon and brought the barrel down on the man's wrist with all his strength. The Indian gave a grunt of pain and grabbed his wrist. Two other warriors made a move to rush Ab but a grunt from the leader stopped them.

CHESS PROBLEM

Set by John Bee

Black, 14 pieces



White, 14 pieces

White plays KP x P. What is the reply?

(Solution on page 59)

Ab looked straight at the leader. He was an ugly man with a crooked, ugly nose. He had the longest fingers Ab had ever seen on anyone, and each finger wore a curved, two-inch talonlike fingernail. A half-dozen of the braves now moved closer to him and began to pow-wow with him.

Again Myrick's words of last evening flashed across Ab's mind: "Tell a Blackfoot you can make better medicine than he can, then do something to prove it. Anything you can do that he can't understand. Any kind of a trick you can do that puzzles him."

Ab felt cold sweat trickle down across his ribs from his armpits. His palms were so wet the pistol butt felt slippery in his hand. But he held it steady, keeping his gaze level on the Indians.

Then suddenly he knew. He knew what he was going to do! Maybe it wouldn't work; he could only hope that it would, but it was worth a try.

The braves surrounding the chief were arguing loudly as Ab deliberately pointed the dragoon skyward and fired. The bellow of the big pistol tore the silence into a series of thunderous echoes that went rumbling away into the timber. Arrows snapped to bows! Tomahawks were raised!

Ab ignored the threats, took a step towards the leader and made a series of hand motions. The signs meant nothing to him, and couldn't, of course, mean anything to the Indians. The red-men exchanged puzzled glances. Ab repeated the signs violently, wanting by his manner and facial expression to convey to the men that he considered them very stupid for not being able to understand his sign language.

Then he wheeled and walked to a cornstalk that hadn't yet been threshed. With the dragoon back in his waistband, he jerked three ears off the stalk. He broke them, selected three half-ears that were smooth on one end, and turned and walked to three stumps that were close together some twenty yards away. He stood an ear of corn on end on top of each stump, then walked defiantly back and stood near the Indians. He again made several meaningless signs; then he pointed to the stumps and held up three fingers. He held up one finger, hoping to convey to the Blackfeet that he would hit the three ears of corn with one bullet.

He watched them exchange questioning glances with their leader and with each other. He saw expectancy in their eyes. And doubt too. They couldn't believe that anybody, especially a paleface boy, could make any such medicine. They stood utterly motionless and silent, watching him.

Ab faced the three stumps, drew his dragoon, spread his legs for easy balance, and prepared to shoot from the hip.

He held the gun level and steady for a moment, brought his left hand up, and fanned the hammer. So fast did he fire that the reports were like one gunshot, one long, continuous roar. The three ears of corn exploded in such quick succession that they all appeared to shatter at the same instant.

After a long moment the Indians began moving in a body towards the boy. Some went to examine the ears of corn, what they could find of them. Others stepped up like astonished children to touch the dragoon pistol. Wanting to take some of its powerful medicine into themselves. Ab let the leader circle his long-nailed fingers about the warm barrel of the gun to give him a good dose of the magic he and his braves had just witnessed.



He was pleased! He spoke to his braves and they all turned and walked away in single file, jabbering among themselves, and disappeared into the timber. The leader followed them. The medicine had worked.

Watching them go, Ab felt his legs suddenly weaken and began to shake. He stood there until the last Indian had disappeared into the forest then turned and looked towards the cabin. His mother and Taddy were standing in the open doorway, shading their eyes with their hands. Ab started walking back to the house, the big dragoon pistol hanging from his hand. ~~~

PORTRAIT OF B.-P.

Here's an illustrated 44-page booklet which every reader of B.O.P will want to read and re-read many times! It tells the thrilling and moving life-story of LORD BADEN-POWELL of Gilwell, Founder of Scouting. Written by JACK COX, Editor of B.O.P, it is based on the script of the successful B.B.C documentary programme of the same title.

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delicate equipment there, as the would undoubtedly try to do.

He switched on the transmitter, and, when it had warmed up, began to speak into the microphone: "Moon rocket calling Woomera! Moon rocket calling Woomera! Come in, please, Woomera."

He switched to receive, but only the meaningless sounds of static came from the loudspeaker. Again and again he tried, but there was no answer. Terror, and a great loneliness began to grow in him. Had the saboteurs succeeded then, and was this beloved ship destined to become his coffin, swinging round and round the earth for ever, like a tiny moon?

Round the earth? Why hadn't he thought of that before? Quickly he unbuckled his harness, and cautiously floated to one of the viewing ports. He unscrewed the safety cover, and peered through the thick quartz out into the void. He caught his breath at the amazing sight.

The whole enormous globe of the earth hung before him, filling the sky, lit by the sun from in front of the rocket. Much of the surface was hidden by dazzling white cloud, but large areas of dark blue sea were visible, and, immediately below, the greens and browns of a great land mass, which he recognized, after a time, as the southern part of North America. Australia was, of course, far behind, hidden by the curve of the globe, and that was, perhaps, why his radio signals had not been received and answered by Woomera. The ultra-short waves, travelling only in straight lines, could not reach beyond the horizon.

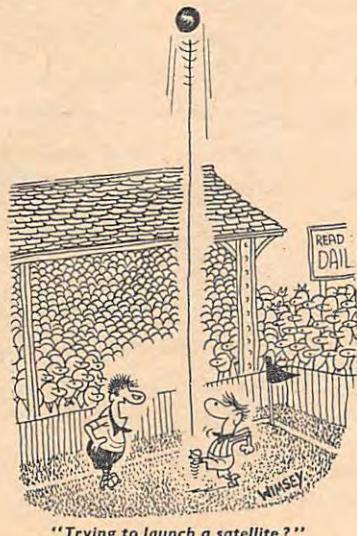
Jim made a swift mental calculation. The rocket was evidently travelling north-east, and had covered roughly one-third of the distance round the earth in about forty minutes. It would be at least another hour before Australia came in sight again. There was nothing to do but wait, and hope that

his tumultuous departure had brought someone to the site in time to save the control gear.

He stayed crouched by the viewing port, watching the marvellous panorama of the earth below. Soon he noticed a change. To the north of the globe a slowly-widening band of jet black sky had become visible, crowded with stars of fantastic brilliance, infinitely brighter than are ever seen on earth. Jim watched, fascinated, until he realized, with a start of dismay, that the earth had vanished completely, and he was staring into the awful gulf of infinite space itself. A wave of vertigo swept over him, followed by panic terror. Were all his calculations wrong, and was the rocket still plunging out into the void?

He went quickly back to the instruments. The altimeter had not moved from its previous reading. As a blinding beam of sunlight shot through the port, and swung slowly across the cabin, the explanation came to him. The rocket was revolving slowly on its own axis, that was all. With a sigh of relief, he sank into his chair, only to start up a moment later, as a sudden devil's tattoo upon the outer skin of the rocket sounded from end to end of the ship. What on earth—or in space—was that?

The sharp rattling, particularly shocking after the absolute quiet of a moment before, lasted only a few minutes, and Jim soon guessed what it was. The rocket had passed through a meteor shower, and the tiny fragments of matter, little larger than grains of sand, but travelling at tremendous velocity, had bombarded the ship like machine-gun bullets. He knew it was extremely unlikely that he would encounter a meteorite of any size, but, if he did, it would probably rip through the toughened steel like a high-velocity shell. He shuddered, and looked again at the clock. Still half an hour to go.



IN the control tower at Woomera, a state of intense but controlled excitement prevailed. Half an hour ago, Jim's first signals had been picked up by the radio telescope at Cape Canaveral, in Florida, and, although they had not been able to reply, the Americans had computed the rocket's probable orbit, and had passed the information on to England. Ten minutes later, Jodrell Bank was tracking the rocket by radar, since Jim had stopped transmitting, and the precise orbit had been calculated.

All the information had been sent on to Woomera, where the radio telescope on the tower had been accurately aligned to pick up Jim's signal as soon as the rocket came within range. Dr. Ballantyne, outwardly as icily calm as ever, but inwardly seething with excitement, sat at the remote control panel, ready to take over from his son at the first possible moment.

Jim was high above the Indian Ocean when he again switched on the transmitter. This side of the earth was still in darkness, so he was going by the clock. Almost at once, his signal was answered, and a great wave of relief swept over the boy as he heard his father's voice: "Hello, son! No time for chit-chat, just listen. Switch on the radar scanner, turn the transmitter to full power, and plug in all the remote control units. You know the drill. Then hold tight. We'll bring you



"S'all right, Mum, Tommy and me had a competition to see who could lean farthest out of the window—I won!"

down, never fear. Fix your harness: the deceleration will be pretty fierce. Good luck, lad!"

With a grin at the terse instructions, Jim did as he was bid, and leaned back, knowing that he and his ship were now in the most competent hands on earth. The gyro-motors began to hum beneath his feet, and the rocket slowly swung until the main jets were pointing forwards. Then came a deep, shuddering vibration as the motors fired, almost soundless in the absence of the atmosphere, and the mounting pressure of deceleration forced him down into his seat. He blacked out.

When he came round, he was weightless again, for the rocket was now falling in a long parabola towards Australia. Again the motors roared briefly, to check the descent, and his weight came back. Jim thrilled to hear the mighty roar; he was within the atmosphere!

Despite repeated warnings about the danger, a considerable crowd had gathered outside the perimeter fence at Woomera, although the sun had not yet risen. A great cheer went up as the rocket came down from the zenith like a lift, balancing marvellously on its fiery tail, and made a perfect landing. Jim had been told to stay where he was until the launching platform cooled. When Dr. Ballantyne unlocked the entry port with his emergency key, and went into the control cabin, he found the boy curled up in the pilot's chair, fast asleep!

The Director touched his son's arm, and he woke at once.

"Hello, dad," he said. "Any damage?"

"Not a scratch, Jim."

"Good-oh! Then the moon trip's still on?"

"Certainly. Your little spin has saved us a lot of tests. Everything worked perfectly."

"Let me go with them, dad. Please!"

Dr. Ballantyne smiled: "Afraid they might damage your precious ship if you're not around? All right, son, I reckon you've earned it." ~~~

Chess Problem, Solution (page 56)

The best reply is 1... KR-K1. Then if 2, P x Q there will follow Kt x BP dis ch; 3, K-Q1, Kt x Q; 4, Kt x Kt, B-K7; 5, Kt-Q4, B x R; 6, P-B4, R-K5; 7, B-Kt2, KR-K1 and wins.

"CAMERA ONE—FOLLOW THE LIONS"

(continued from page 46)

speak to the chief doorman. They'll spoil our opening!"

The monitor screen pictures settle and focus. On Camera Three, Derrico, spangles covered by an old dressing-gown, checks the steel guy-ropes which steady his wire. He has shown a cool courage throughout the rehearsals, but his mother still hasn't watched him. Is she now waiting by some television set, alone? Ronnie Smart, squeezed in behind you, suddenly gives an enormous sigh. You follow suit, turn to him, and you both laugh, sharing your nervousness as you've shared the burdens of production during the months and weeks leading up to this moment.

Peter's voice comes through from the ring: "Right, we're holding the audience until after the first act, then we'll filter them through a few at a time." You acknowledge this. Mary flicks the switch of her microphone, her eyes follow the sweep-hand of the stop-watch.

"Two minutes, everybody! Two minutes!" she calls.

You speak: "Settle down, please! Spots on the band!"

Mary: "Lions to be cued on fanfare!"

You: "Hold opening shots steady! I'm on Camera One. Camera Two, give me entrance of lions' tunnel. Geoffrey—start your commentary when the trainer enters the cage."

Mary: "Radio sound, please!"

The transmission picture changes—the credits fade and announcer Macintosh comes in, relaxed and confident as he says: "To-night a great circus, as the start of this year's tour. . . ."

Your mind is at this moment utterly blank. The introduction must be over, for Mary's clear, even voice is saying: "Cue band!" The great fanfare begins.

Then, unhurriedly and with complete assurance, another voice—"Camera One, follow the lions. Camera Three, hold the trainer—that's it. I'm coming to Three."

It's your voice!

Relieved, relaxed, your fingers press the switch that cuts from one camera to the other. "On you Three! Go ahead, Geoffrey! Standby Two!" Again you press the cutting switch. "On you, Two!"

With startling clarity Camera Two's shot, taken through the specially cut section of the cage with no bars between, projects the full magnificence of a dark-maned lion on to the small screen. That ought to make them sit up at home!

But will it? You're the producer. Your chief, the newspaper critics, and letters from viewers will let you know soon enough. ~~~

STAMPS of the World



Collect a

PETRIFIED SALAMANDER

STAMP OF THE MONTH

ST. HELENA has been celebrating the 300th anniversary of the arrival on the island of the first British settlers, and to mark this anniversary a set of three stamps has been issued. The 6d., now illustrated, is printed in deep blue and green, and shows the arrival of the *London* which brought Captain John Dutton, the first Governor. On the 1s., black and orange, is a picture of an inscribed stone let into the wall of the castle at Jamestown, the capital, to commemorate the erection of the

original fort on the same site in 1659. The 3d., black and red, shows the old arms of the East India Company before they were redesigned in 1689. It was this famous Company that organized the expedition, with Capt. Dutton in charge, which reached St. Helena on May 5, 1659, and unfurled the flag which has flown there ever since. St. Helena's largest claim to fame, of course, was as the place of exile and death of Napoleon Bonaparte after the Battle of Waterloo; he was incarcerated at Longwood, which you can see on the 10s. value of the current definitive series of St. Helena.



SWISS NOVELTY STAMPS

Every summer Switzerland issues a set of National Fête stamps: they are inscribed "Pro Patria". The usual series of five appeared on June 1, and the designs and colours are very attractive. Three of the stamps depict crystals, the 10+10 centimes showing an agate, the



20+10 c. tourmaline, and the 13+10 c. amethyst. Perhaps the most interesting is the 40+10 c. which shows a petrified salamander. The 5+5 c. has a conventional design showing two Swiss flags on a globe.

Queensland recently commemorated the 100th anniversary of its self-government, and Australia has issued a fine new 4d. stamp for the occasion. The design shows the Parliament House at Brisbane with a blossom of jacarandas in the foreground.

L. N. and M. WILLIAMS

BOY'S OWN PAPER 1959 HOLIDAY PHOTO COMPETITION

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COLWYN BAY, N. WALES**

darkness fell he would be the prey of the first lion that observed him—in this state even hyenas could pull him down and devour him.

Nyumbo thought his best chance was to find thick cover and hide himself. A mile away a line of bush crossed the plain. It was the bank of a valley. From there the land fell away into a deep rugged gorge, at the bottom of which a swift river flowed. Nyumbo's exertions had made him thirsty. He hoped to reach the river.

A king vulture saw the stricken wildebeest, and came planing down in wide spirals, and at once other vultures on patrol perceived their fellow's descent and slanted down to investigate. Nyumbo saw shadows on the grass. He squinted up at half a dozen awful birds wheeling silently above him, watching his distress with gloating eyes. It foretold his inevitable end and it chilled his blood.

He toiled on, expending great effort for every yard, his eyes growing bloodshot and his white beard streaked with foam. At last he reached the bush among close-ranked red-thorns and branching cactus. Before long he heard the rush of water, and then he entered under a canopy of fever-trees where the persistent vultures could no longer see their prospective prey.

He lay recuperating until the shadows began to lengthen and francolins called to each other that drinking time approached. Then he rose and struggled on, thirst tormenting him.

In the thick of the bush he came to the edge of a chasm. It was steep as a house roof. Among stunted bushes lay boulders masked in long grass. A hundred feet below the river roared and gurgled. He began to hobble along the edge of the chasm. There was no way down for him in his crippled state. After half an hour of fruitless search he gave it up.

From where he stood a narrow path ran back into the bush, a gloomy tunnel scarcely discernible in the fading light. Along this, ponderous as a tank but oddly silent, came a large bull rhinoceros.

Nyumbo beheld Faru with indifference. He had never been troubled by these strange creatures. The rhino turned aside to browse on a juicy euphorbia.

Then two hyenas came out of a thicket behind the wildebeest. His nose informed him of them and he jerked round to face them. These enemies recognized at once that the antelope was disabled, but still they feared his strength and courage and would not attack him until assured of his helplessness. They squatted down like dogs and watched him intently, their tongues hanging out over cruel, sharp teeth. When they realized the extent of the wildebeest's handicap they would steal upon him from behind and hamstring him. Then they would eat him alive.

He stood in the grotesque attitude they could not understand, nose to ground as if prepared to fight, right leg protruding over the top of the horn. There was no smell of blood. They did not think him wounded; nor did he seem sick—but there was something wrong with him and they intended to find out what it was.

Suddenly the hyenas separated and moved aside as if politely making way for a superior. A small female leopard emerged from the cover. Nyumbo snorted in terror: here was death in a spotted coat, something he could neither repel nor evade.

Chui stopped to stare at him, showing no emotion except for a twitching of her long tail. The wildebeest was meat, but a big strong animal endowed with explosive energy and extraordinary hardihood. A leopard could kill a wildebeest, but only after a long struggle, and injury to the killer was not unlikely. Moreover, the pose of this beast declared its readiness to fight rather than run. Chui was not particularly hungry and had no wish for a risky encounter. She stayed on watch, curious and puzzled by the antelope's unusual behaviour.

THE lurking presence of the hyenas provided the clue to comprehension. This animal was in distress, probably an easy prey if attacked with vigour. The killer's ears flattened and her lips curled in a snarl. She went forward with a swift, sliding action which preceded a spring.

A loud snort made her pause. The rhino had come into view. Faru's head was up; his thick horn pointed high. His nose was full of the smell of leopard and he was very angry.

Chui growled warningly. She wanted the intrusive giant to mind his own business and leave her to her hunting. But Faru had other ideas. He loathed all the carnivores and was always ready to assail any but a lion. The leopard could not hurt him and he was ripe for argument. He came on at a walk, head swinging, grunting like a pig.

Nyumbo tried to get out of the way and his efforts seemed to annoy Faru, who turned aside suddenly and gave him a sharp butt in the flank. The front horn passed under the wildebeest's body; the blunt rear horn took him in the shoulder with a push that was irresistible. Poised on three legs Nyumbo had no balance, he was flung aside like an empty garment and went staggering wildly.

He felt neither surprise nor elation to find himself walking on four legs again. He was too bemused by his fall. But once more he was active. ■■■



"Well, I see Frank finally put his foot down!"

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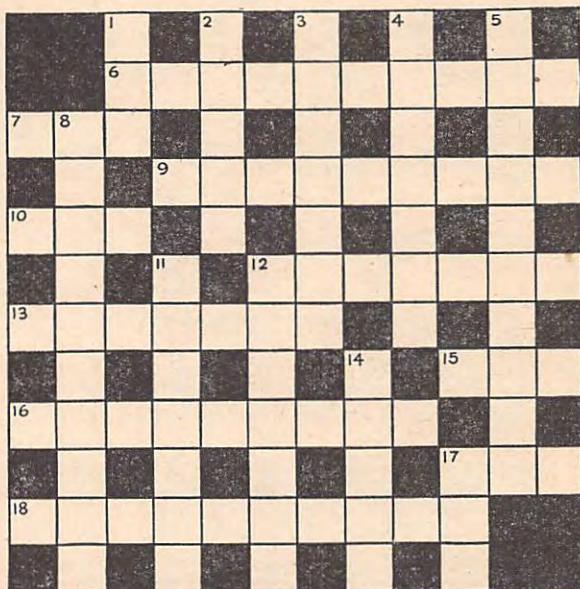
A prize of £1 is offered for the First Ten Correct Solutions examined at B.O.P Office, 4 Bouvierie Street, London, E.C.4, on September 30, 1959, on which day the competition closes. Age and neatness taken into consideration. Age limit 18.

Clues Across

- Unmarried rasp walks in line! (6, 4).
- Kay returns to her domestic beast (3).
- Rembrandt—or Mr. Chips, perhaps (3, 6).
- Dated, lost tuppence, but had a meal, anyway (3).
- Poker-face (4, 3).
- Indian Test batsman known as "Polly" (7).
- Set a sail in 13 across (3).
- Drawn towards (9).
- Finish (3).
- With which to add brightness to proceedings in camera (6, 4).
- I got Allen a mix-up? what an accusation (10).
- The Luddites rebelled against an early form of this (10).
- Almost trivial change for acid (7).
- Those Morris boys? (7).
- Army material that is mined up! (5).
- Australian bird in the mural (3).

Clues Down

- In short, enquire (3).
- "Curfew tolls the — of passing day" (5).
- Blissful sleep (7).
- Associated with traps in soccer, slips in cricket (3, 4).



B.O.P COMPETITION CROSSWORD (SEPTEMBER)

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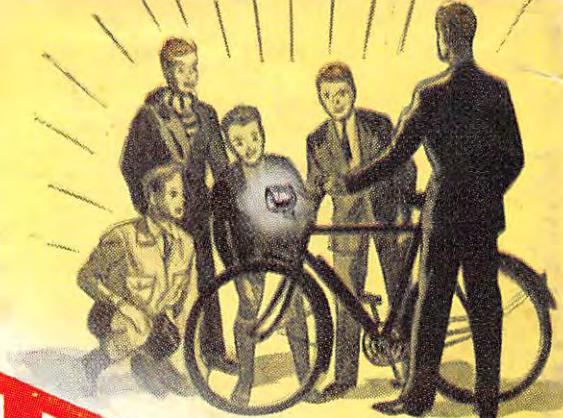
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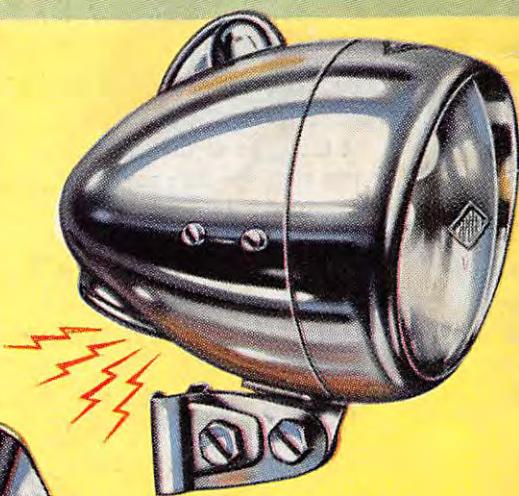
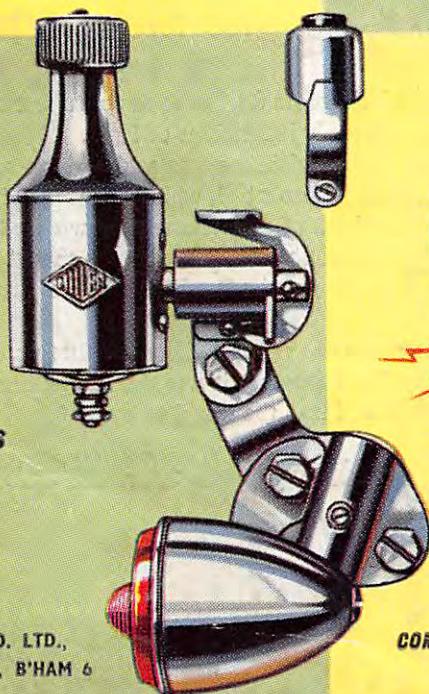
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